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THE Beaux Merchant: A COMEDY.

Impiger Extremos currit Mercator ad Indos.

Written by a Clothier.

Fugere pudor verumque fidesque,
In quorum subuere loco fraudesque dolique,
Insidiæque vis, & amor celeratus habendi.
Ovid.

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COMEDY.

To the Lord High Treasurer
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

My LORD,

ERasmus tells you, that *Dulce est ex magno tollere a cervo*; and I am afraid, that so long as such Quantities of Treasure are issu'd out to buy Muslin and Callico, Tea and Tea-Dishes, the Profit of the greatest part of our Merchandize and Freight center in Foreign Countries; and our own Merchants, by dry Sticks, draw out, instead of bringing in. Your Lordship will find thin Bags in the Treasury, and taste but little of this Sweet; and by the monstrous Debts contracted by our late Ministry, rather stand in need of *Erasmus*'s way of Payment, *Ex asse Budei*, to Reduce *Flemish* into *Sterling*. And having form'd my Thoughts in the Field into a kind of a *Play*, in order to the Improvement of our Golden Fleece, by which *Henry* the Seventh, from a poor empty Treasury, soon made it full; and Queen *Elizabeth* not only fill'd her Treasury, but

her Subjects Pockets, which she thought the same. I have adventur'd to send it into the World under your Lordship's Patronage, having been treated with Kindness in the like case in former time, and still thinking my self in debt for your Lordship's Favour. I live so well by Husbandry, that it is not in her Majesties Power to make me Happier than I am; nor do I herein ask any thing of your Lordship, more than your Favourable Acceptance, and that you will be pleased to desire Her Majesty to put our Beacons in order, to give notice to Her Woollen Manufacturers, if the *Pretender* should appear, and at an Hour's Warning an Hundred Thousand Men will be ready, who will soon make Dice of his Bones; and likewise to shut up the Gates of *Hide Park*, that our *Beau Merchants* may be brought from the Ring to the Cloth-Pearches again: The higher your Post is, the more herein concern'd. And I shall only add, That I am, with Hearty Wishes for the Good of my Native Country, and in particular for your Lordship,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant

To Command.

The PROLOGUE.

THE Golden Fleece in Home-ſpun Dreſs,
The Darling of our Fam'd Queen Beſs,
The Cloth'er ſings; and prays your Favour,
In Pet'coat o' Cloth, Mantua rather,
In Winter-ſeas'n: Our Britiſh *Poor*
Claim your Relief, their Burthen's ſore,
By Candle-Tax, and Wages Low,
Whilſt Ind'ans *you more Favour ſhow.*
When Abigail *by* Ind'an-*Dreſs*
Out-ſhine her Lady, I may gueſs,
Or ſhe, on ſome Unhappy Seaſon,
Hot with Wine, I'll ſpeak no Treaſon;
Diſtinction in Degree is loſt,
And Bett *in Callico become the Toaſt.*
To turn the Courſe out of this Way,
Is the chief Aim of this my Play.
The Vertuous Lady in Habit grave,
For thoſe that follow ſomething ſave,
Her Family in good Renown,
With Diſtaff, Wheel, and Woollen Gown;
In Love-Intrigues, I may miſcarry,
It's chiefly Trade that makes Men marry;
Which Hope may now plead my Excuſe,
To ſpeak the Truth is no Abuſe;
Our Glory here, as Pheb *in Full,*
In Brightneſs ſhine, Women and Wool.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

HArpalus the Beaux Merchant.
Marcus his Apprentice.
Juncto his Man.
Monsieur *Rogee* his Taylor.
Sonator his Barber.
Verres his Goldsmith.
Mr. *Tryon* a Packer.
Samuel Sharp a Cloth-drawer.
Mr. *Susurrus* a Broaker.
Davus, *Crispinus*, *Irus* } Three *Blackwell-Hall* Factors.
Mr. *Themison*, a Famous Venereal Doctor.
Seditius, *Radamanthus* } Two Serjeants of the Compter.
Madam *Hippia* his Milliner.
Pscecas his Maid.
with the *Plebeians*.

SCENE, The Coffee-House.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Robin's Coffee-House, Stock-Jobbing-Alley.*

Harpalus and *Tryon.*

Try. WHAT shall we Packers do, Master *Harpalus*, if we have no Trade?

Har. You don't complain, Mr. *Tryon*, now your Prayers are heard, and you have a happy Peace.

Try. A Miller of *Glancaster*, Sir, that kept a Water-Grist-Mill, always pray'd for Peace amongst the Willows; and his Prayer was grounded on his Livelihood. Between him and the Town stood a Wind-Mill, and when the Wind blew, the Town carry'd their Grist to the Wind-Mill; when it was Peace among the Willows, the Wind-Mill could not Grind, and then he had the Custom. I am ready with the Wind-Mill Millard to go to St. *Paul's*, and pray for War; because there, by the Help of the Organ, we shall have some Wind with our Prayers. --- I can't starve. --- Wars with their Noise affright us; when they cease, we are worse in Peace, said the Lord *Verulam*.

Har. I doubt, Sir, you are no true Son of the Church, you speak so slight of an Organ. Do you know those two Gentlemen that sit in that Corner?

Try. They are two *Norfolk* Gentlemen, of very great Estates.

Har. I thought they were of some cold Quarter, by their sowr Looks. Are they Senators?

Try. No, *Sir*; Did you ever see a Country Gentleman look pleasant upon a Merchant, who makes a better Figure than himself?

Har. What a Figure wou'd they and their Ladies make, in their Black Sheeps Wool mixt with the White! It was excellently said by the Duke of *Rohan* (Mr. *Tryon*) a great Minister of *France*, That *England* was a little World apart, advanc'd to her

greatest

greateſt Riches and Glory, by the Improvement of her Commerce. And as we are an Iſland ſurrounded by the Sea, it was a Noble Obſervation of that Illuſtrious Prince, Without a Fleet of Ships we are naked to the Univerſe, and ſubject to Invaſions on all ſides, as our Hiſtories before the Reign of *Edward* the IIId do ſufficiently declare, by the Invaſion of the *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*. And to what a Luſtre and Glory is this Iſland arrived to, by the Skill and Induſtry of the Merchant? Did there ever appear ſuch a Glorious Fleet upon the Ocean, as at preſent? And is there not a Nurſery of Seamen always growing up from Merchandize? The whole World ſeems to conſpire, by the Induſtry of the Merchant, to make this Iſland Formidable, Illuſtrious and Happy.

Try. The Country Gentleman, Sir, is like the Hog that eats the Acrons, without conſidering from whence they fall. He thinks the World extends no farther than Barley-craft, Oxleaſe, and Cow-mead.

Hur. How are our Spirits chear'd, Mr. *Tryon*, by the *Shamepane* and *Burgundy* of *France*? our Pallats gratify'd by the pleaſant Fruits of *Spain*? What a Sparkling Figure do our Ladies make, adorn'd with the Rich Diamonds of the *Eaſt-Indies*? and how Charming are they now become, by the Glittering Silks of *Italy* and the *Levant*, Adorned with the Rich Needle-work of *Flanders*, Sweetned with the Rich Perfumes of *Venice* and the *Mediterranean*? and how is their Nice and Tender Beauty preſerv'd from Cold, by the ſoft Furs of the *Baltick*? And do not our *Weſtern Plantation* hereby conſpire, to ſweeten their Temper, by our Double-refine Sugars? It would be tedious to Enumerate the Bleſſings that are brought to this Iſland by the Art and Induſtry of the Merchant. It was nicely obſerved by the Learned Doctor *Read*, That the Art of Navigation, and Correſpondence with Foreign Countries, ſtruck the common People with Admiration, *Obſtupuere rudes animi*, &c. that the Secrets and Fibers of the Mind ſhould be convey'd to Foreign Parts, by the help of a Quill. He adds farther, *Ars Cœlo delapſa viris*, An Art of an Heavenly Extraction. And ſure, Mr. *Tryon*, if all theſe Bleſſings are brought home by the Skill and Induſtry of the Merchant, he may be allow'd a fair Taſte; and how Ungrateful muſt the Ladies be in a ſhy Behaviour?

Try.

Try. Your Lively Expreſſions, Sir, has ſtruck me with Aſtoniſhment and Admiration; and you have hereby fix'd in my Fancy a new Map of the World. I wiſh it was ſo drawn up, that it might Beautifie the Parlour of every Landed Gentleman in *Great Britain*; it would take off that bitter Edge of Envy, that too much Reigns in their Breaſt, at the Nice Living and Courtly Behaviour of the Merchant. And as the Younger Brother is ſaid to be the better Gentleman, it's my Obſervation, that you are hugely in the Favour of the Ladies, and you have there the greateſt Share. But I am ſure, Sir, that you have no Reaſon to complain of the Ladies, where God and Nature hath conſpired to make you the Darling of your Profeſſion, and the Beauty of the *Exchange*; I rather wiſh, that you are not unkind to them.

Har. You very well obſerve the Envy of the Country Gentlemen: But were Matters weighed in an equal Ballance, they ought to treat us with Civility, inſtead of Envy. The Manners that we obtain from Foreign Parts, are the Purchaſe of Hazard, Fatigue and Labour; and if we did not find Vent for the Cloth abroad, they might Roaſt themſelves with their Wool at home; and who would take off the Product of their Land? No wonder at their Home-ſpun Behaviour, who converſe chiefly with their Tenants, Dogs and Horſes. But you are Florid in your Expreſſions, Mr. *Tryon*, and Witty upon the ſide of the Ladies: Sure you were cut out for ſome higher Imployment than a Packer.

Try. Sir, I am the Son of a Clergyman, and my Father gave me good Education, *Fata regunt homines*; but I am ſure the higheſt of my Expreſſions come much ſhort of what you deſerve, and I cannot upon that Topick run my ſelf into an *Hyperbole*. I believe, Sir, you outſhine the Famous *Villars*, who, for his Natural Perfections, was advanc'd by King *James* the Firſt, from Mr. *Villars*, to Sir *John Villars*, afterward to My Lord Viſcount *Villars*, and then to Duke of *Buckingham*; and his Praiſes ſung by the Exquiſite Pen of the Lord *Bacon*.--- And the beſt Fortune in Town, I dare ſay, could not withſtand your Addreſſes. But the Name of a Packer, Sir, do ſeem to imply a greater Hardſhip than indeed it is. The Hot-Preſſers perform the Laborious Part of our Trade: What I chiefly do, is with the

Pencil, in Marking and Numbering Bales. And we are Sellers of Cloth, as well as Packers. And I muſt beg leave to tell you, Sir, that the part which we now perform, was in former time done by Merchants themſelves. Many of the old Merchants had Pack-houſes adjoyning to their Dwelling-houſes, and went through the Fatigue of Buying their Cloth of the *Plebeians*. But now, Sir, a Merchant is advanc'd a ſtep higher, his Pack-houſes turn'd into a With-drawing-room and a Coach-houſe, and he lives like himſelf.

Har. I am too ſenſible of my own Imperfections, Sir, than to come into a Belief of your Oratory, and who in this caſe deſerves more than your ſelf, who repreſents the Map of *Italy* by a Leg and Foot like Mr. *Tryon*? But for Matrimony, that's my Averſion, --- *Quis feret uxorem:* Ladies Expectations in Equipage preſents, *&c.* always exceed their Fortunes; and drawing Money in that way, is taking of it up at *Thirty per Cent.* And have not you now told me how the Merchant got rid of the Slavery of Packing, and Buying his Cloth of the *Plebeians*? We are beholding to King *Charles* the Second for our freedom from Matrimonial Slavery; and no one, that has three Grains of Senſe, will run himſelf into that Nooſe. --- How did *Ovid*, the Maſter of Courtſhip, addreſs himſelf to his fair *Corinna*? and what a Reception did that fair Lady give him? *Tunica velaris recincta* --- in a floating Atlas Night-Gown, her Inward Garment of Shadow Muſlin, which made a Noble Reflection. Can't the Merchant now, in his Return from the Play-houſe, call upon his Milliner? Can't he, in a pleaſant Ride to *Hamſtead*, make a Viſit to a Lady, as *Henry* the Eighth did to *Woodſtock*? Pleaſure is now drawn into another Channel; No Murdering of Infants now, but by a Hand-basket convey'd in a proper ſeaſon to ſome honeſt Overſeer of a Pariſh, and bred up in Hardſhip, which multiplies our People more than if they were fed with the fine Sops of a too-indulging Mother. And what a fine Shew of Love-Children did there lately appear in *Moor-fields*? How can a Man's Fancy be better pleas'd, than in hearing a Learned Prelate exerting himſelf in a Pulpit with Sweat on his Brows, to encourage their Education and Subſiſtence; and by his Pathetical Expreſſions on the Subject of *Charity*, forcing the very Servants to bleed? And it's a greater Pleaſure to me, Mr. *Tryon*,

to

to hear an Anthem from these Children, than the Organ at *Paul's*. If Seven Cities contended for the Birth of great *Homer*, his Birth was doubtless obscure; and this was certainly the Practice of Early times.

Try. I never heard so nice an Observation, Sir; whatever you undertake, is done to the very Life. But the Rose has its Prickles; and it sometimes proves but licking Honey from a Thorn. *Juvenal* tells us, That *Iberina* would as soon content her self with one of her Eyes, as with the service of one Man.

Har. Admit that, Mr. *Tryon*; is not the Cure become very familiar; and the Expence as easie? But I am now to acquaint you of a Design of mine, which I hope may turn to your Advantage, having a great Delight in your Conversation, and indeed a Personal Kindness: I begin now to be a weary of the *Turkey* Trade, and am of Opinion, 'twill be ruin'd by this Liberty of Sending Ships; and considering with my self, that many of our old *Turkey* Merchants were Apprentices, bound to *Hamborough* Merchants, I am resolv'd to enter upon that Trade, having good Correspondence abroad. I design a good Quantity of Cloth for *Hamborough* and *Lisbon*, and am hugely press'd by some Friends to send a much larger Quantity to *Holland*; and am now to consult with you, what Measures are to be taken to carry on this Design, and will first give you my own Thoughts for you to enlarge upon: --- I believe Mr. *Davis* and Mr. *Crispinus*, two Factors of my Acquaintance, who, upon all Occasions, have shew'd themselves extremely Civil, will serve me very well with mixt Cloth, and you can furnish me with Reds and Whites. And I think my own Drawer, *Sam. Sharp*, must understand this, as well as *Turkey* Cloth. I shall hereby likewise be able to shew some Kindness to my Friend, *Susurrus* the Broker, in Drawing of Bills; I pity his Misfortunes, had he not built those Houses in *Moor-fields*. And I hope I may hereby help my Friend *Lester*.

Try. You have made my Heart light, Sir, by this unexpected Design of yours; and I shall not pretend to alter your Measures, that are so wisely concerted: Shall only beg leave to add one Factor more, that has very good Choice of mixt Cloth, one Mr. *Irus*; and you can't have a better Man at Faults than

Mr. *Sharp*, he will never let a Linnet pass without Observation.

Har. I desire you then to proceed as soon as you can with those three Factors, and when you have adjusted One Bill of Parcels, to bring them to me One by One, and I hope we shall hereby frame a Beneficial Acquaintance. *Exit* Tryon.

Enter Sonator.

Have you brought my Riding-Whig, Mr. Barber, and your best Scented Wash-Balls? I design a Journey this Afternoon to *Hamstead*, and I shall soon want a new Whig.

Son. I have all things ready to your Satisfaction, Sir; and I have the finest Whig upon the Block that ever went through my Hands, and as good, I believe, as ever appear'd upon the *Exchange*, for Colour and Length.

Har. You have rais'd my Expectations very high, Mr. *Sonator*, and if it has those Qualifications, you shall not want a Chapman. Put forward now, and see how fine you can make me with my old Whig. What have you lost the Smack of your Fingers? And have you no News to tell me?

Son. I never Smack my Fingers till I have quite done Lathering, Sir; and when the Razor is upon your Face, 'twill be my time to talk, and yours to hear; and it's the Skill of a Barber to attract News from others, as well as impart; otherwise there would be no driving a Trade.

Har. By that way indeed Secretary *Walsingham* got great Intelligence of his Barber *Lyon*, who had such a Faculty of Talking, and shaving Mens Heads, that he thereby wound himself into the Secrets of their Mind; and if that be your aim, *Sonator*, you are a dangerous Fellow.

Son. I am not so happy as to trim Ministers of State, Sir; nor have I any Reason to complain, whilst I trim Merchants. And I never deal in any dangerous News; most that I hear at present, is Murmuring at the Fall of the Stocks, and Melancholly Apprehensions from the Peace. When I trim the Landed Man, he hugs himself, that the Tax is taken off his Land, which could not be done without a Peace. So I am divided, Sir, and as the Cock crow'd, I never meddle nor make.

Har. Then, *Sonator*, you are neither Whig or Tory.----Put on my Cravat before you put on my Wig, and be sure to put forward

forward this fine Wig of yours, as fast as you can. (*Exit* Son.

Juncto, Do you go to Mr. *Deighton*'s, and fetch me one Ounce of his best Snuff, and then come to Madam *Hippia*'s, and desire her to send me Two Snuff Handkerchiefs; be sure to make haste, that my Horses may be ready for me to go to *Hamstead* this Afternoon. Do you, *Pscecas*, let Dinner be ready in an Hour, and bid *Marcus* come to me. I have order'd Mr. *Tryon*, *Marcus*, to buy me a considerable quantity of Cloth, for *Holland*, *Hamborough*, and *Lisbon*, which will be very much your Benefit in Cash, Money, and otherwise; I hope you will be diligent to inform your self in the Value of Cloth, that'll be some Service to you when you go abroad,---and I believe some Bills of Parcels will be soon brought in.——A full Hour is gone, *Pscecas*, is not your Dinner ready.

Psc. I am ready, Sir; but *Juncto* is not yet come.

Har. Juncto, I can never send you to Madam *Hippia*'s but you make a long stay; I believe you kiss her Maid *Betty*.

Jun. A Maid, Sir, I believe that's a Rarity in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

Har. I hope never the fewer for you, *Juncto*.

Jun. I dread a Justice of Peace Warrant, with a License under a Woman's Apron; I rather incline to give some Assistance to a careful Shop-keeper, who through the Fatigue of Business is deficient in his Duty, there's Work and Wages.

Har. I thought, *Juncto*, you had not been a Man of that Forecast; but can no way think you a fit Man to make good Deficiencies: Are there more Deficiencies in the World, than in our Funds?

Enter Monsieur Rogee.

Har. The blooming time of the Year drawing on, I sent for you, Monsieur *Rogee*, to get me a new Suit of Cloaths of the Pink of the Fashion, and as good in every respect as your Skill will attain to. I lately read in the History of *Richard* the Second, that Sir *John Arundell* lost two and fifty Suits of Clothes made of Cloth of Gold, and Tissue, as he sailed over to *Britainy*, and nothing does recommend a Man more than handsome Apparel. I desire you to get me the Newest Fashion Patterns with all the Expedition you can.

Rog.

Rog. I'll be ſure, Sir, to follow your Directions, and will ſoon get you good Choice of Patterns. *Exit.*

Enter Mr. Tryon *and Mr.* Davus.

Dav. Sir, I wait upon you with a great deal of Satisfaction, and have here brought you a Bill of Parcels of ſome Cloth that Mr. *Tryon* hath dexterouſly made Choice on for your Uſe.

Har. I give you your own Words back again, Mr. *Davus*, and aſſure you, it's the ſame Satisfaction to me; and Mr. *Tryon* and You are heartily welcome upon this good Deſign, and I hope you have dealt kindly by me in Prices. I ſee the Condition of your Bill is Payment at Six Months. I am upon a generous Deſign, Mr. *Davus*, and I ſee your Bill of Parcels is accordingly, above One Hundred Clothes; I rely wholly on Mr. *Tryon*, and ſhall offer at no Abatement, after he hath ſigned your Bill.

Try. I have done, Sir, the beſt I could with Mr. *Davus*, and preſs'd him by the view of farther Dealing, notwithſtanding which he hath held me too hard in Prices.

Dav. I believe no Factor of *Blackwell-Hall* has a better Command of his Clothiers than I have; notwithſtanding which, I ſhall never give them any tolerable Satisfaction in theſe Prices, and can only Shelter my ſelf but by the view of farther Dealing; and you may depend, Mr. *Harpalus*, upon all the favour I can herein ſhew.

Har. Sir, you ſhall find me comply in all Matters to your Satisfaction, and I believe what you ſay. --- I ſhould be glad of an opportunity, Gentlemen, to treat you with a Glaſs of Wine, but I never drink in a Morning. *Exeunt.*

Enter Monſieur Rogee.

Rog. Sir, I have brought you the Rarities of the Town.

Har. Let me ſee your Shew, *Monſieur*. --- Indeed theſe are fine things. What ſay you to that Pattern, *Monſieur*, with a Pink-colour Silk Lining, and a Gold Button? I believe it would be a Becoming Colour for me.

Rog. I always prefer your Judgment, Sir, before my own, and am extremely pleas'd with your Choice; I believe no finer Suit will appear upon the *Exchange*.

Har. Do you proceed then, Mr. *Rogee*, and get me a Pair of Silk Stockins, as near the Colour as you can. *(Exit.*

Do you, *Junkto*, call the Barber, and bid him bring my beſt Wig;

Wig, this is Play-house Night, — and bid *Pfeecat* come to me — I have given Orders to Mr. *Roger* to make me a new Suit, *Pfecat*, that will be soon ready: You must take care for some agreeable Linen.

Pfe. I believe, Sir, you had best consult Madam *Hippia* in that, who best knows how Fashions govern, — and who very much governs you. (*Aside.*

Har. I will prevail with Madam *Hippia*, if I can, to come and consult with you, in what Linen I want, if she be not shy in coming to a Batchelor's House.

Pfe. That will be a very great Favour indeed, Sir; I wish Batchelors were shy in going to her House. (*Aside.*

Enter Senator.

Har. Have you brought my best Wig, *Senator*, and your high-scented Wash-Balls? I have given Orders to Monsieur *Roger* for a new Suit of Clothes, which will be soon ready, and I shall then expect your fine Wig.

Sen. I have all things ready, Sir, and you may depend upon my fine Wig, whenever you send for it.

Har. It's our Play-house Night, and you must consider that I am going among Ladies. — Pray proceed. — *Junio*, do you get my Linen ready.

Sen. Your fine Wig improves, Sir, beyond Expectation. I am assur'd I shall out-do Monsieur *Roger* in the top of his Skill.

Har. Will you leave that to my Judgment, *Senator*?

Sen. With all my Heart, Sir?

Har. You must put on my Linen — Is my Sword and Gloves ready, *Junio*? — *Marcus*, do you take this Bill of Parcels, and cast up every Article. Do you see how fine these Factor-Men write. *Junio*, at the Breaking up of the *Play*, do you be sure to get a Coach ready, and drive up to *Pater-Noster-Row*, and stop at Madam *Hippia*'s.

Enter Tryon *and* Crispinus.

Cris. I wait upon you, Sir, with a Bill of Parcels, which Mr. *Tryon* hath made choice of, which I hope will answer your Expectations in every thing.

Har. If they do but answer Expectations at foreign Markets, Mr. *Crispinus*, I shall be as free to Buy, as you are to Sell. I see your Bill of Parcels expresses Payment at Six Months, in which I shall

I ſhall be ſure to comply, and I make no Objection, being ſettled by Mr. *Tryon*; I only hope you have not charg'd them too high.

Criſ. You may depend upon Mr. *Tryon* for that.

Try. I think indeed, Mr. *Criſpinus*, you have been too hard with me this firſt beginning.

Har. I ſhould be glad, Gentlemen, to treat you with a Glaſs of Wine, was I ſo happy as to ſee you in an Afternoon. *Exeunt.*

Pſc. Will you have a Diſh of Fiſh for Dinner, Sir?

Har. Nothing better, *Pſcecas.* I ſhall go out to Boules this Afternoon, and I believe Madam *Hippia* will make you a Viſit. *Marcus*, Do you take this Bill of Parcels, and examine it;---- and if any thing offers at the *Exchange*, in which you want me, I ſhall be at *Garroway's*. But pray mind your Letters at the Poſt-houſe.

Mar. Sir, here are your Letters.

Har. Very well, *Marcus*.----Go, *Junio*, and ſee whether this Fiſh is ready.

Jun. Your Fiſh is come, Sir.

Har. Then do you get a Bottle of Wine.---Your Fiſh is very good, *Pſcecas*; and if any one enquire for me, I am gone this Afternoon to Boules. *Exit*

Enter Hippia *with her Maid* Betty.

Hip. Mrs. *Pſcecas*, is your Maſter at home?

Pſc. Madam *Hippia*, pray walk in, my Maſter indeed is gone out to Boules this Afternoon.

Hip. I came to wait upon you, Mrs. *Pſcecas*, by your Maſter's Order, to ſee what Linen he wants.

Pſc. Indeed, Madam, I think all ſorts; but eſpecially Laced Linen, which I think becomes my Maſter beſt.---I have brought you, Madam, into a dirty Room.

Hip. It's a very pretty Room, Mrs. *Pſcecas*, and well Furniſhed; but I think the Limner hath not done your Maſter Juſtice: You ſay, he wants all ſorts of Linen: You will oblige me by your Inſtructions, for my Coach waits.

Pſc. I hope, Madam, you will not be in ſuch great haſte, that will ſhew ſome diſreſpect to my Maſter; you muſt drink a Diſh of Tea.

Hip. I ſhall give you, Mrs. *Pſcecas*, too great a Trouble.

Pſc.

Pſc. No, Madam, I ſhall be proud of your Service; I have things very handy, and I ſhall ſoon get it ready: Do you drink Bohee or Green, Madam?

Hip. I always drink Green, Mrs. *Pſeecas*, in an Afternoon. Do you go, *Betty*, and lend your Hand in any thing that you can do; you may learn ſomething.

Pſc. Theſe Diſhes are my Maſter's own Choice, Madam.

Hip. Of a nice Figure, and an admirable Size; I don't love a great Diſh, I think your Tea exceeds either: I never drank ſo good.---Mrs. *Pſeecas*, you muſt ſit down, and drink a Diſh.

Pſc. That's a Compliment to me, Madam; indeed my Maſter always buys the beſt Tea.---If you will let Mrs. *Betty* ſit down.

Hip. Sit down, *Betty*; muſt I provide Shirts, and all ſorts of Linen, for your Maſter, Mrs. *Pſeecas*?

Pſc. You can't provide leſs than a Dozen of Shirts, and other Linen in proportion, my Maſter is wonderful Nice in his Linen; he ſometimes changeth twice in a Day; and drying, Madam, doth not always Anſwer. As to Laced Linen, I muſt leave that to your Judgment, which will be ſpeedily wanted.

Hip. You may depend on my Care, Mrs. *Pſeecas*, in all theſe things. Pray give my Service to your Maſter, the Coach ſtays; I ſhould be very glad to ſee you in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Harpalus.

Har. What Adventures hath happen'd, *Pſeecas*, this Afternoon?

Pſc. The nice Lady, Madam *Hippia*, and her Maid *Betty*, hath been here this Afternoon, Sir, and will provide all ſorts of Linen for you.

Har. I hope, *Pſeecas*, you treated her with a Diſh of Tea.

Pſc. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd highly to commend it; and indeed I think you have as good things at home, as any you find abroad.

Har. Your word *Thing* is of a large Signification, *Pſeecas*; I muſt deſire you to explain your ſelf.

Pſc. I mean Beef, Mutton, Veal, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea, *&c.* Sir.

Har. You leave ſomething behind, and don't tell me how you like the Lady.

Pſc. Will you give me leave, Sir, to ſpeak my Mind freely?

Har. With all my Heart, *Pfeevas.*

Pfe. Then, Sir, I am of *Juncto*'s Mind, I had rather kiſs *Betty.*

Har. Then *Betty* had on her fine Callico Mantua. This *Eaſt-India* Company is the Devil's, the Layer of Snares. This Callico makes a better Shew than Silk; and no Lady in the Land is ſecure of her own Husband,--- ſo little difference between my Lady and *Abigail* in Habit. The Maſter oftentimes, by Candle-light, miſtake the one for the other, and then the Chaplain is fitted.

Enter Monſieur Rogee.

Har. You are an Indefatigable Man, Mr. *Rogee*: What! done already,--- and all things to your Mind;--- pray give me a View,---I think it's admirable. Do you go, *Juncto*, and bid *Sonator* bring his fine Wig, that we may ſee what a Muſter I ſhall make at *Tunbridge.*

Rog. You will charm the Ladies, Sir.

Har. I believe the Ladies will appear this Year more Splendid than ever.

Rog. Then, Sir, there will be Charms againſt Charms; and that leaves me room to think ---

Har. Youthful Thoughts ſtill: You was not that Refugee Taylor, that went home without his Breeches, for want of Money in his Pocket.

Rog. No, Sir, but I believe that Fact was true. Your *Britiſh* Ladies differ from the *Roman*. *Ovid*, in ſuch a Demand, gave a Lady Satisfaction, by telling her, that ſuch Money would never proſper.

Enter Sonator.

Har. Come, Mr. *Sonator*, let us ſee your Shew. Hang your Wig upon the Chair, without ſpeaking a Word in its Commendation, as Monſieur *Regee* has done with his Clothes. Now I have ſeen it, pray Monſieur, what's your Opinion?

Rog. I take it to be a very good Colour, Sir?

Son. And better made, Sir, than your Clothes; my Wig will grace your Handy-work.

Rog. What do you ſay, Mr. Barber will greaſe my Handy-work?--- Many a Suit hath been ſpoilt by Powder ſtuck on by Greaſe or Oil, which is the ſame in the Greek. Do you think there's no more Art in our Trade than yours? Were you to

fit

fit some Ladies Stays, where by Art you must make a nice Shape, it would make your Head run round --- to widen the Shoulders to such a proportion, --- to raise the Hips to the same size, --- to straighten the Waste, by padding in some parts, and as nice and thin in others, to make Artificial Breasts, *&c.* A Tayler had need be vers'd in *Gunter*'s Line, to take such a Measure as will answer all these Ends, which he must do.

Har. If this be true in Fact, Monsieur, --- *Paris* was certainly in the right, in viewing *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, when they were naked, before he would dispose the Golden Apple at *Peleus*'s Wedding, which was to be given to the Fairest. If ever I slip into Matrimony, I'll do the same, if this be the case. --- Fifty Yards of Silk to make a Mantua and Pettycoat! --- Fifty by Fifteen is a heavy Article. Queen *Dido* obtained of King *Jarvas* as much Ground as she could cover with a Bull-Hide; she cut it out into Thongs, and encompassed as much Ground as built the City of *Carthage*. Could many of our Ladies obtain of their Husbands as much Ground as they could encompass with their Pettycoat-Tails, it would in many places exceed their Thirds. And that which in this case adds to our Misfortune, --- the *Dutchman*, who hath in many cases drain'd the Treasure of this Kingdom to a very low ebb, has now slip'd himself under our Ladies Pettycoats, with his Whalebone Skeleton, which hath brought that Commodity to a Noble Price. Could you prevail with the Ladies, Monsieur, to widen their Smocks, in proportion to their Pettycoats, it would make a Noble Linen-Trade, and by the freedom of the Air save them half the Expence in their Perfumes. --- Can Matrimony subsist it self under these Extravagancies? Had I one Woman by me, and should behold a Skeleton hanging up, I should think I had two Wives; when one, at this rate, would soon bring a Man's Estate to a Skeleton. --- Pray, Monsieur, give me the Demensions of this *Dutch* Skeleton.

Rog. It is fasten'd to the Lady's Waste, and hangs down to the Calf of her Leg: It consists of two Whoops, that take the Circumference of the Pettycoat, as it hangs; these two Whoops are fasten'd together with some Side-splints of Whalebone.

Har. Pray, Monsieur, how do the Ladies put it on?

Rog. It is of a large Circumference, Sir, they ſlip it over their Heads.

Har. As the *Dutch* Ladies in Winter keep themſelves warm by a Stove, this Skeleton will afford a like Conveniency in Summer by a Fan, which being nicely fix'd, will ſeldom want a Gale, with Ladies deep in the Spleen. Suppoſing the Ladies Smocks widen'd to their Pettycoats, and this Skeleton fairly fix'd on, I fancy a Man might frame more Conveniencies in Living under this Skeleton, than *Diogenes* had in his Tub.--- Many things might be hang'd to theſe Whoops;--- and I have often obſerv'd, that our nice Ladies hang their Snuff-Boxes in the inſide of the Thigh, to preſerve them from Bruſing, which may be an Improvement to the Snuff, as keeping of Cheeſe in a Cellar. But I aſſure you, Monſieur, I ſhould be ſhy of taking a Pinch from ſome Intriguing Ladies. A Tang of Old-ling muſt certainly turn Snuff into Love-powder;--- and by fixing a Stick a-croſs the Skeleton, a Limbeck might here be kept going.--- Pray, Monſieur, did you ever obſerve when your Refugee Ladies came over, that the Cuſtom-houſe Officer made any ſearch under their Pettycoats.

Rog. That, Sir, would be too great an Affront to offer to a Gentleman's Lady; which Affront being offer'd by a Taxgatherer to one of *Wat Tyler*'s Daughters, in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, our Hiſtories tell us, was the occaſion of a Civil War, and he was the firſt Man that was kill'd.

Har. Pray, Monſieur, can you tell me when this Faſhion firſt came up?

Rog. I think about the time that a certain Dutcheſs went to *Holland.*

Har. Bleſs me! *Hent*--- is herein following *Ulyſſes* with his *Trojan* Horſe; and the *Pretender* is to be brought over under this Lady's Pettycoat: I always thought he would come in by way of *Holland.* A Plot, a Plot!--- Can't you, *Senator*, help us out in ſomething in this grand Affair? I am ſure you ſell Powder to the Ladies, that is made uſe of under this Whalebone *Skeleton.*

Son. I am for ſelling Powder, Sir, and let the Ladies make uſe of it as they think fit; but I am not to be drawn into any Plot;

Plot; I remember *Titus Oates* too well for that; He was forc'd to go about with a Guard.

Har. Then let you and I, Monsieur, carry our Thoughts a little farther back to confirm this Matter.---In the beginning of the Reign of *Henry* the Seventh, the *Flanderkins* were in Possession of our Trade and Merchandize, as the *Dutch* are now: That wise Prince put them out of their Possession, by Establishing an *English* Factory at *Antwerp*. And pray, Monsieur, what follow'd? Did not the Dutchess Dowager of *Flanders*, by the Instigation of the Merchants, send over *Perkin Walbeck*, and *Lambeth Simnell*? And was not she contriving Mischief of that kind the whole Reign of this Prince?

Rog. I can tell you, Sir, of a later Example to the same purpose, no farther back than *Oliver*'s time. My Lord *Clarendon* tells us in his History, That the *Dutch* in the first place help'd the Parliament against the King; when *Oliver* gave a check to their Trade, as *Henry* the Seventh had done, by Establishing his Factory at *Dort*, The *Dutch*, with a Fleet of Thirty Men of War, attack'd Twenty Men of War of this Kingdom, without giving any notice, and were sufficiently rewarded for't by *Oliver*.

Har. I am, with *Henry* the Seventh, for seeing the *Pretender*, Monsieur, it may be a good Opportunity for the Weavers to get off their Fetters.----They would be sure to follow the Example of their Brother *Wat Tyler*, who, in the first place, killed the Tax-gatherer, and then they would make a Bonefire of their Tallies; and what a Huzza would there be, when the Candle-Tax went off! We might hereby get quit of our Foreign Debt, as easie as *Oden Varnevelt* did in the Ten Millions of Florens lent the *Dutch* by Queen *Elizabeth*, by a Gilded Sucking-Bib, beheld through a Telescope, presented to King *James* the First, with Ten Flasks of Florence to Sir *John Villars*. I was never better pleas'd, Monsieur, than in the Disappointment of one *Flamock*, a Seditious Lawyer, who with his voluable Tongue, stirr'd up the *Cornish*-men to a Rebellion, and led them into *Kent*, in hopes to be joyn'd by the Weavers there, but found them so well imploy'd, by the Care of their wise Prince, that not one came in to their Assistance; they were drove, like a Covy of Patridges,

into

into a Tunnel, and *Flamock*, with two of his Companions, hang'd, and the reſt let free. The Counties of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* were ſo plagu'd with Lawyers in the Reign of *Harry* the Sixth, in diſturbing the Tranquillity of the People, that they were reduc'd by Act of Parliament from Fourſcore to Fourteen. A Boon Deliverance! We have affrighted, *Sonaver*, with this Whalebone Skeleton, I will make him eaſy; my Man ſhall pay him Fifty Guineas toward his Wig; and do you, Monſieur *Rogee*, bring your Bill, and *Marcus* ſhall pay you; and at my Return from *Tunbridge*, I will decide the Quarrel between you. *Exeunt*

Pſc. Madam *Hippia*'s Maid has brought you a Box of Linen, Sir.

Har. Let her come in, *Pſcecas*.

Bet. I have brought you, Sir, ſome very fine Linen from Madam *Hippia*, I believe, Sir, as good as ever was wore.

Har. Indeed, *Betty*, it ſhews very fine, and here's ſomething to buy you a Pair of Gloves. (*Exit*

Now, *Pſcecas*, I am quite fitted for my Journey to *Tunbridge*.

Being thus equipt, what Lady can withſtand
My kind Addreſs, and Tender of my Hand?
If Daphne's ſhy, I'll court her to a Treat;
I always found them ſoft, genteel, and free.

ACT

ACT II.

Harpalus *from* Tunbridge.

Psc. YOU are welcome home, Sir.

Har. I wish I could say so to *Pscecas*; but it's much otherwise. I have had an unhappy Fall from my Horse, which hath bruised my Shoulder, and indeed put me into a Feaver---I hope no Bone out,--- I can bend my Arm.--- *Juncto* unhappily staid back to take his Leave of ---and my Horse being extraordinary Fond of his, by turning his Head back, made such a Blunder, that I could not recover my self, but fell down upon my Shoulder. I did get up again with great difficulty, and in much pain am come home.

Psc. I am hugely surpriz'd, Sir, at this great Misfortune of yours! Had you not best be let Blood?

Har. I will try this Night, and if I don't find my self better, I will consult a Doctor in the Morning.--- Make me some thin Water-gruel, *Pscecas*, I am exceeding dry. And do you, *Juncto*, make a Fire: You must double your Diligence, this Misfortune hath happen'd to me through your Neglect.

Jun. I am much afflicted at it, Sir, but was forc'd to the Hedge at the Town's end; I can't think what my Landlady put into her Soup.

Har. I will soon go to Bed, and try what Rest I can get.--- Let *Pscecas* bring me some Gruel as soon as she can.--- Now, *Pscecas*, do you all go down; I will have *Juncto* lodge in my Chamber, and when I Ring, let him come up. *Exeunt.*

Psc. What have you done, *Juncto*, kill'd my Master? I never saw a Man so much alter'd in my Life. I heard him tell you, that you was the occasion of his Fall. Was the Devil in you?---I han't Patience, when I think you should be such a Rascal and Brute, to let my Master go out of Town by himself.

Jun. Pray, *Pscecas*, keep your Temper until you know the whole of the Matter:--- You must know, that I supp'd the last Night with Soup; and what my Landlady put into her Soup,

I can't

I can't tell; but ſo it was, that I was no ſooner on my Horſe Back, but I had a Whirlwind in my Belly --- And pray, *Pſeecus*, what in that caſe would you h'a done? I was forc'd to fly to the Hedge to let fly in my Breeches --- I took to the Hedge. It may be you might adviſe me to ſecure ſome Soap in my Shirt-tail, againſt your next Bucking.

Pſe. You are a Slovenly Raſcal; the Soap that the Hog ſhi--- is too good to waſh any thing that belongs you; you have rak'd in ſome dirty Kannel, and then laid the Blame upon your Landlady's Soup; --- you could not part with your Drabs: --- Was there no Houſe of Office in the Inn? And it's ſtrange that ſuch a Whirlwind ſhould riſe upon a ſudden.

Jun. Pray, *Pſeecas*, if the Hog ſhi--- ſuch Soap, what do the Sow do? --- Soap fit for Waſh-balls. Let *Senator* try ſome of yours.

Pſe. Will you, *Junſto*, make the Trial?

Jun. I had much rather ſtand in the Pillory, and have all the Rotten Eggs in Town about my Ears.

Pſe. If my Maſter dies, a Pillory ſhan't ſerve your turn, you Raſcal: You ſhall hold up your Hand at the Bar. And that your Puniſhment may be anſwerable to your Pretence, you ſhall be condemn'd to ſtand up to the Chin in Soup, without a power to ſup, as *Tantalus* is in Water, for killing his Son *Pelops*.

Jun. I hope I ſhall not be condemn'd longer to this Pickle, than our Nation is to Exciſes, Thirty-two Years: But am ſtill more and more confirm'd in thy Kindneſs, *Pſeecas*, by theſe extraordinary Threats; and, I believe, in this Caterwauling manner we ſhall come together at laſt. But pray what Kannel is this that I have rak'd in? I ſuppoſe you mean a Channel, or Water-courſe; and why do you think thoſe are not kept as clean and ſweet at *Tunbridge*, where they have clear Air and running Water, as in the Smoaks and Stinks of *London*.

Pſe. Do you think that Women live in the Country, as we do in *London*? You may there be treated in an Afternoon with a Diſh of Tea, out of a Quarter of a Pound Caniſter, that muſt laſt a Quarter of a Year: Ladies here Breakfaſt every Morning with the beſt-flavour'd Tea, and double-refin'd Sugar; and entertain themſelves in the Afternoon in the ſame manner, and drink half a dozen Diſhes at a time.

Jun.

Jun. Now my Eyes are open! I never Underſtood before the eager Thirſt of Ladies after Tea. Bleſs me! where was my Underſtanding? And yet I have often obſerved, after the drinking of Tea, that the Wind flew out of my Stomach, either upward or downward; and have likewiſe taken notice, that when I made Water (after the drinking of Tea) againſt the Sun, that the very nice Colour of the Tea appear'd; but never thought it had ſuch a quick Dieuretick Paſſage, and much leſs, that it retain'd its Flavour and Sweetneſs through the whole Body, as I now find it doth. If Tea hath this ſweetning Quality, there can be no Limit to Ladies in drinking of it. And what will become of our Perfumers? Our *Eaſt-India* Company is a Dragon that devours her Majeſty's Subjects; it devour'd the Rag-gatherers by their Muſlins, and we thereby loſt our Fabrick of fine Paper; it hath deſtroyed Thouſands of Wooll-Combers, and Worſted-Weavers by their Callicoes, and the Perfumers by this Tea-Diabetis, which tickles my Fancy, that Men ſhould be piſs'd out of their Eſtates. The Strength of this Dragon is in its Tail, by which it governs all our Ladies Habits and Entertainments. It ſome Years paſt extended its Tail into length, and a Lady, from the top of her Fantange to the end of her Tail, was above Five Yards; now it hath doubled it's Tail into a Whoop, and the Circumference of a Lady's Pettycoat is near Ten Yards. I can't fancy which way it will twiſt next, unleſs it makes our Women go forked, or ſhorten their Coats, that we may ſee the full proportion of their Legs; and then *South-Britain* will be like *North-Britain*, in as eaſie acceſs to the Ladies, and we muſt pay the ſame Compliment to the lower Merry-thought.---It hath at this time by the power of it's Tail brought the Ladies to ὕστερον πρότερον the Back-ſide foremoſt, and the fineſt of their Lace and Trappings hang down behind.---This Dragon, in one ſenſe, hath out-done *Solomon*, he compared the Vertuous Woman to the Merchant Ship, from her diligence in providing her Fraight by her Wheel and Diſtaff: ----This Dragon hath made them exactly like a Ship, in Flag and Sail, extended in Levity---*a prora puppique*, from the Prow to the Pup, but nothing but Money ſent out to buy the Furniture.----As this Dragon, by it's Tail, hath deſtroy'd Multitudes, it hath advanc'd others; as Apothecarys, Diſtillers, and Milliners, by the cheap Workman-

ſhip of the *Indians*, they Flower, Spot, Fringe, Stripe, *&c.* all the Curioſities that come from the *Indies*; which led our Ladies into a ſort of Superſtition, like the *Pſalmiſt Idols*, that have Hands, but handle not;---which hath unhappily led them into the Vapours, and ſet the Apothecary on Horſe-back; who by the help of his Mackcroons and Sugar-plumbs, now out-rides the Doctor; and it's admirable to behold his Curioſity, in adorning his Phyſick; round the neck of every Bottle, a Scollop'd Paper, a Boulus in as nice a Figure as the ſtate of *Cupit*, and a compound for a Gliſter, in Paper ſo nicely folded, that it could never be thought proper for the lower end, and his Bill as neatly drawn out againſt *Chriſtmas*; which hath occaſioned many a bitter ſhrug of the Shoulder by the Maſter of the Family; but my Lady muſt be pleas'd.---This idle Courſe of Life muſt needs contract a Lee upon the Mind, which muſt be fetch'd off by a Dram of Cold Tea in the Cloſet, where the Bottle ſtands, with the Silver Nipperkin, upon a Shelf behind the Curtain. This Practice is ſhelter'd by Devotion, and hath ſet up the Diſtillers to that height, with their Casks colour'd with Blew and Iron Whoops, that their Shops make the beſt Figure of any in *Great Britain*; it hath ſwell'd the Milliners Book to a prodigious Bulk, by the nimble current of Faſhions; each *Eaſt-India* Ship bringing ſomething that is new. A Man bleſs'd with Daughters (and the Wallet hath of late Years hang'd very heavy on that ſide, I wiſh there be not a Quality in Tea that makes Women more Productive of their own kind) hath as hard a Task to keep out of a Milliner's Book, as *Ulyſſes* had to paſs by the *Syrenes*; his Eſtate by this, and a Land War, hath been, like St. *Lawrence* upon the Grid-Iron, melted on both ſides; this Dragon performs all this by *Jupiter*'s Art, by turning it ſelf into a Golden Shower, and deſcending into the Lap of that Lady, that is the Pink of the Faſhions; ſhould it get a little more Strength in its Tail, it would deſtroy the King's Daughter, and (by the help of its grand Aſſociate, the Bank) overturn Government it ſelf. I hope her Majeſty's excellent Speech will make this a St. *George*'s Parliament, that may put a Hook in the Noſtrils of this grand *Leviathan*. Bleſs me, *Marcus!* as I did not underſtand the Quality of Tea, I did not know my own Strength in Politicks: To what a length have I run! Set *Pſeccus* quite a-ſleep, drownd in Sorrow for her Maſter.

Pſe.

Pſc. Go to your Soup-Laſſes at *Tunbridge.*

Jun. Nay, *Pſcecas*, a Kiſs was there my due. --- Old-ling is good Fiſh by Watering. But how ſhall we get Money to pay Thirty Shillings the Pound for Tea? Let thee and I marry, and ſet up a Milliner's Shop.

Pſc. Your Mother was old, you Raſcal, in that Trade: Indeed you might make a Blockhead to make up Ladies Fantanges.

Mar. You two are fallen into ſo pleaſant a Channel of Diſcourſe, you can't get out. Pray, *Junkto*, tell us ſome of your Adventures at *Tunbridge*, --- Were the Ladies fine? And what Figure did my Maſter make in his new Suit and fine Wig?

Jun. My Maſter, Sir, was the Delight of the Ladies; their Eyes were never off him; all things inſipid, if Beaux *Harpalus* was not there. And indeed he made a Noble Figure in Dancing. The Ladies appear'd very Splendid and Fine; but I think one particular Lady out-ſhone the reſt, and was my Maſter's Partner in Dancing. --- Never a finer Couple was ſeen at *Tunbridge*. All ſtood amaz'd at their Carriage in Dancing. I think the Lady had as fine a Complexion as I ever ſaw, --- as freſh as a Roſe.

Pſc. My Maſter rings, *Junkto*. --- I hope he hath had a refreſhing Sleep, above two Hours. Do you go up immediately, and if you find there is any want of me, ring, and I will immediately come up.

Jun. Not over-haſty, *Pſcecas*, --- I muſt go out. --- This Soup has not yet left me.

Pſc. Nor never will I believe, until it hath brought you to *Pye-Corner*. Take care of ——— If I don't hear from you in a quarter of an Hour, I will go to Bed. To Bed, *Marcus!* --- I verily believe my Maſter's Life is in danger.

Jun. Pſcecas, you muſt make ſome Water-gruel for my Maſter; he hath had a Reſtleſs Night, and reſolves to ſend for a Doctor.

Pſc. I believe, *Junkto*, you have doctor'd him out of the World. --- I will make ſome as ſoon as poſſible, and carry it up my ſelf.

Har. Junkto, do you bid *Marcus* come to me, and bring with him a Pen, Ink and Paper. Come, *Marcus*, do you tell me how forward our Shippings are, and how Matters are at the Packhouſe. I am extremely ill.

Mar. Mr. *Tryon* hath a vaſt quantity of Goods under hand, Sir, and hopes to make a good diſpatch for *Holland* in few days--- and the Shippings for *Hamborough* and *Lisbon* will not be long--- He works Night and Day.

Har. I hope, *Marcus*, you will get Bills of Lading, and all things ready, that belongs to you. --- Put me down ſome Paper, that I may write a few Lines; and I can't tell but you muſt carry a Letter for me to the Doctor.

Pſe. I have brought you ſome Gruel, Sir, and am much troubled, that you have had ſo Reſtleſs a Night: Pray, Sir, take ſome Advice.

Har. I will ſoon get up, if I go to Bed again; it will refreſh me: And I will ſend for a Doctor. I ſee, *Pſeecas*, that thee art concern'd for me; give me ſome Gruel, and then let my Clothes and Night-gown be warm'd.

Enter Tryon *and* Irus.

Try. I underſtand your Maſter is come home, Mrs. *Pſeecas*.

Pſe. And very ill, Sir; he hath had a bad fall from his Horſe, and is upon ſending for a Doctor; he hath had a Reſtleſs Night.

Try. Pray let him know, that one Mr. *Irus*, with me, are here to wait upon him.

Pſe. My Maſter deſires you, Mr. *Tryon*, to walk up.

Har. I am heartily glad to ſee you, Mr. *Tryon*; but am very ill, by a Fall from my Horſe. I know your Hands are full of Buſineſs. *Marcus* tells me, you work Night and Day. And indeed, I muſt deſire you to take extraordinary Care; and I hope *Marcus* will do his part. I underſtand Mr. *Irus* is with you.

Try. I am very much concern'd for this Misfortune of yours, Sir. Mr. *Irus* came with me, and hath his Bill of Parcels; --- and I think he hath been the kinder Man of the Three in Prices.

Har. I muſt deſire you to give my Service to him, and let him know, I am a-bed; --- and pray him to leave his Bill of Parcels.

Try. He gives his Service to you, and wiſheth your Health; and here is his Bill of Parcels. He is a modeſt Man, tho' not ſo much Confidence as your Friend *Davus*. --- I believe he will be your truſty Friend. --- I find you are very hot, Sir. I am glad

glad you intend to ſend for a Doctor. --- The extent of this Year's Buſineſs, I think you told me, Sir, was Five Thouſand Pounds worth of Cloth for *Hamborough*, *Ditto* for *Lisbon*, and Ten Thouſand *Holland*. --- I believe I am near up to it; the *Holland* Article is almoſt all my own.

Har. That, Mr. *Tryon*, will be full enough for the Furniſhing my Ware-houſes at *Hamborough* and *Lisbon*; and my Friend *Dorv*-- at *Holland*, they tell me, hath Ware-houſes like *Blackwell-Hall*; he deals vaſtly, upon his own account, in Woollen Goods; and I am very glad you are in ſuch forwardneſs; In a ſhort time you will finiſh your whole Shipping. I hope in the *Autumn*, we may do conſiderably again.

Try. I will not give you any farther Trouble now, Sir, I conſider your Illneſs, and pray for your Health. *Exit.*

Har. Do you now, *Juncto*, help me to my Clothes,---and ring for *Pſcecas*.

Pſc. I rejoice to ſee you up, Sir; pray how do you find your ſelf.

Har. I am very hot, give me one draught of Gruel, and reach me the Pen and Ink, I will diſpatch a few Lines to my Doctor. *Pſcecas*, ſend up *Marcus*. Give me a Wafer, *Marcus*, and do you go with this Letter to Doctor *Themiſon*, he lives in *Princes-ſtreet*.----*Juncto*, do you put your Chamber a little in order againſt the Doctor comes,---- he will be ſoon here, if my Letter finds him at home.

Mar. The Doctor gives his Service to you, Sir, and will wait upon you immediately.

Enter Doctor Themiſon.

Har. I gave you the Trouble of a few Lines, good Doctor, to deſire your Advice. I have had an unfortunate Fall from my Horſe, as I came from *Tunbridge*; I have bruiſed my Shoulder, but hope no Bone out, and am exceeding hot.

The. Pray, let me feel your Hand, Sir; you are very hot. How is your Head? and from whence do you apprehend this Heat doth chiefly come?

Har. My Head, Doctor, doth not trouble me much; and the Heat ſeems to come up my Throat, as the Flew of a Furnace.

The. Let your Man go down. You ſay, Sir, you came from *Tunbridge*, and I know the Practice of that place very well. ---

I know

I know too, that you are the Mark of the Ladies; and it's the Blooming-time of the Year. I have a great Suſpicion, by what I obſerve, that you have been too free with the Ladies at *Tunbridge*; and likewiſe that ſome one of them hath been unkind to you. Here is no Body but us two, and you muſt excuſe me.

Har. It's impoſſible, Doctor, for Fleſh and Blood to withſtand the Charms of the Ladies. And I can't deny ---- but have all the Confidence in the World in thoſe that I had any Familiarity with.

The. The Ladies are ſo deep in Art, Sir, that there's no depending upon Complexion. Nay, Nature is out-done by Art; and where you may think your ſelf moſt Secure, you may be in the greateſt Danger. You muſt allow me the Knowledge of theſe things from Practice; and *Tunbridge* is the moſt dangerous Place that I know; and by all Symptoms, this is your caſe. You are got under a very good Shelter, by the Fall from your Horſe, which I think ought to be cultivated, and your Arm kept up by ſome Silk String. You have done well likewiſe, in taking early Advice, *Venienti occurite morbo*, according to *Perſius*.

Har. Having granted a Poſſibility, and deſired your Advice, I muſt acquieſce in your Judgment, Doctor, (cunning Sheep-Jobbers put off their Rotten Sheep under the Leire of ſome extraordinary Sound Ground;) and the Palliating our Crimes was an early Practice, that we learnt from our firſt Parents, in their ſewing Fig-leaves to cover their Nakedneſs; and I hope you will excuſe me there. --- Is there no way, Doctor, for me to get a Cure? *More Achilleo*, Revenge in this caſe would be ſweet.

The. That, Sir, would be giving Advice againſt my ſelf, and upon that Topick there are many nice Speculations. You muſt ſubmit to ſafe Rules, and undergo ſome Penance. Sweet Meat requires ſowr Sauce. A very low Diet, and no Wine. As this Diſtemper takes its Original from ---- by gradual Meaſures, it muſt have its Cure. You are a good Scholar, and can divert your ſelf by Books. You will do well now, to lay aſide *Ovid*, and read the Sixth Satyr in *Juvenal*.

Har. Experientia docet; you had never been ſo well vers'd in this Diſtemper, had you not gone through the Practick Part.

Pray

Pray, Doctor, uſe your Whip-Hand as gentle as you can.

The. You are no Jeſuite, Sir, and therefore I muſt not come to Confeſſion.

Har. Do you think, Doctor, I ſhall ever come to a true Reliſh again.

The. As ſound as a Fiſh, Sir, if you will follow my Directions. But muſt tell you, that I can rely upon no Apothecary but my own.

Har. That's no odds to me, I have no Apothecary. --- The firſt Blot. I ſhall be very careful to follow your Directions, Sir, and ſhall be ſure to give you full Satisfaction. And if you make your Words good, *Eris mihi magnus Apollo*, you ſhall be my great *Apollo*.

The. I have got ſome more than ordinary Reputation, Sir, by my Succeſs in this Diſtemper; and ſhall therefore come to you at proper ſeaſons, that no ſuſpition may ariſe therefrom, and I will give full Inſtructions to my Apothecary, who ſhall ſpeedily wait upon you, with all things needful. (*Exit Themiſo.*

Har. Your Fee, Sir.

Pſc. You will be ſtarved, Sir, if you take nothing but this thin Water-gruel.

Har. I am ſenſible, *Pſcecas*, that this Feaver of mine muſt be ſtarv'd. Bid *Marcus* come to me. Do you, *Marcus*, ſpend as much time as you can at the Pack-houſe, now is your time to know Cloth.

Mar. I ſhall get more by ſpending my time in reading old Authors in *Moor-fields*, Sir. I ſee at the Pack-houſe a vaſt quantity of Cloth, but can't judge the Price of one Piece into Twelve-Pence a Yard.——Nor indeed is it Mr. *Tryon*'s Intereſt to let me know it. It's a Work of Time and great Application, to know the true Merit of a Piece of Cloth, which, in the way that Merchandize is now carried on, is impoſſible for any Apprentice to learn, which I think is great pity.

Har. You reaſon beyond your Years, and what you ſay hath much Truth in it; but if in this Inconveniency, more Conveniencies are obtain'd, the leſs muſt ſubmit to the greater; If thereby you are free'd from the trouble of the *Plebeians*, and you have now Six Months to pay for your Cloth, whereas before you paid ready Money; and now with One Thouſand Pound from your Friends,

you

you can have Two Thouſand Pound credit at *Blackwell-Hall*; theſe are Matters of Weight, *Mareau*.

Mar. If by this Alteration, Cloth goeth the dearer abroad, Sir, as it muſt do by theſe unneceſſary Attendants, the Good of the Publick ought to be the chiefeſt aim, and I have heard a Proverb, That a Man's own Buſineſs never dirts his Fingers.

Har. You argue, *Mareau*, as if you were an immediate Deſcendant from *Tully*; but there's no Swimming againſt the Stream.

Enter the Apothecary.

Apo. I wait upon you, Sir, by the Order of Mr. *Themiſon*, and have here brought you ſuch things as he has preſcribed, with full Inſtructions from him for your Government in every thing, ſet down by his own hand; and upon every Bottle, there is a fair Ticket, that you can't miſtake.

Har. You are very welcome, Sir, and I am extreamly obliged to the Doctor. Muſt not I take ſomething preſently?

Apo. I will immediately compound a Draught for you, which you muſt proceed with, as the Doctor preſcribes. I believe no Man more careful of his Patients; and I will be ſure, Sir, to give true Attendance. A Porringer and Silver Spoon, Maid. And if your Man, Sir, will but obſerve the Quantity that I take, he can't miſtake.

Har. Very well, Sir, I ſhall not wholly truſt my Man, but will inſpect the Doctor's Order my ſelf. It hath but an indifferent taſte.

Apo. It will be more familiar to you, Sir, by often taking of it. This is all you muſt take at preſent. You muſt obſerve the Powder that you are to take in a ſhort time, and I will be with you again in the Evening. You are very hot, Sir, but that will wear off by degrees. The Doctor preſcribes your Diet.

Exit.

Enter Mr. Tryon.

Try. I could not be ſatisfy'd, Sir, without coming my ſelf to ſee you; tho' I have work'd all Night, in packing up your Bails for *Holland*, which are now a Shipping, and you ſhall ſoon have Bills of Lading from all the Maſters. I hope, Sir, you are better.

Har. I am under the Doctor's Directions, Mr. *Tryon*, and hope my Feaver is not worſe; but am hugely pleas'd with your Forwardneſs

Forwardness with your Bills for *Holland*, and *Marcus* tells me the *Hamborough* Ships will soon go. If all my Cloth was shipp'd off, which I hope will soon be, should I want a little Country Air, I hope I might go out of Town for some time.

Try. You may assure your self, Sir, that I will forward it all that possible I can, and I find *Marcus* very diligent.

Har. Do you hear, fetch a Bottle of Wine, to make Mr. *Tryon* drink. A Glass may do well after your Fatigue, I am forbid Wine.

Try. I will leave you, Sir, with my hearty Wishes for your Welfare.

Enter the Apothecary.

Apo. I am come, Sir, with a second Supply from Doctor *Thomison*, and he will wait upon you himself in the Evening. I hope all things succeed to your Satisfaction.

Har. I hope I am not worse, Sir, yet have no reason to boast. I have pursu'd your Direction in every thing to a Tittle; and it will revive me to see the Doctor; his Conversation is good Physick.

Apo. Indeed, Sir, he is a pleasant Man. You must follow the old Draught, Sir, and use the Powder as the Doctor prescribes. Milk and Water must be your chiefest Drink, and I dare say you are safe in a diligent Observation of the Doctor's Directions. By what I can now judge, I believe we are got a head of your Feaver; and in a Week's time, you will be able to judge your self.

Har. Cold Comfort, Sir, if it must a Week before I can judge whether I am better.

Apo. Festina lente, as the *Spanish Proverb*, Foot by Foot, so safe. You have full Instructions in every thing, Sir, from the Doctor, and I will wait upon you speedily. *(Exit.*

Enter Tryon.

Try. I have brought all your Bills of Lading, Sir, from your *Holland* Ships; and hope, with this good News, I meet the same, in the Recovery of your Health.

Har. You very much oblige me by your diligence, and I hope I am better. The Apothecary is just gone, and he gives me hopes that my Feaver is somewhat abated, tho' indeed I find little. What a Misfortune is it, Mr. *Tryon*, that we have not one

one *British* Ship employ'd. Fee the Freight is 8 l. p. c. in each Bill of Lading. And now if you can but do the same for *Hamborough* and *Lisbon*.

Try. I hope, Sir, the Recovery of our Navigation will be a good Effect of our Peace; and I believe in Ten Days time I shall get all shipp'd, and that all the Bills of Parcels will be brought in from the Factors. Mr. *Sharp* is wonderful busie in settling the Prices with the Factors, in regard to your Illness. I will trouble you no farther at present.

Har. Do you, *Junio*, bid *Marcus* come to me. These *Holland* Bills of Lading, *Marcus*, must be all sent away the next Post, therefore do you begin to provide; and I hope the Ships are gone.

Enter Doctor Themilon.

The. I have had a Satisfactory Account, Sir, from my Apothecary, and I come now to rejoice with you.

Har. Your good Company, Doctor, must do more than your Physick, to get one pleasant Look from me. I find your Words true, That sweet Meat must have sowr Sauce. I believe I shall never split upon this Rock again, if once you get me well off.

The. We ought herein to act like a wise Builder, Make the Foundation good: *Error in fundamento*, is, *Error in uno*. Pray, let me see your Hand. How is it with you in ——? Come, come, all will do well, depend upon it. You must keep exactly to Rules. I have had a Man under hand three times, that I believe made as sowr Faces as you do now: But don't propose that for an Example. The Promise of a Candle as big as a Mast in a Storm, was made good by one of Eight to the Pound in a Calm. Have you read over the Sixth Satyr in *Juvenal*?

Har. No, nor shall look into a Book this Month, after this rate, Sir; you have whipp'd me so much with your Crab-tree Physick, that I shall hate *Juvenal*. No need of *Juvenal*.

The. I shall soon put you in *statu quo*; and when the same Inclinations meet the same Temptations, I can't tell what may follow; but shall at present leave you. *Exit.*

Har. Your Fee, Doctor.

Enter Tryon.

Try. I have brought you several Bills of Parcels from all your Factors, and likewise my own, and have now adjusted your whole

whole quantity of Cloth, and have given them to *Marcia* to be Examin'd and Enter'd, which I will now see done, and am a Shipping your Cloth for *Hamburgh* and *Dublin*. Your Insurance Broker was with me for some Directions in the Policies of Insurance, and I gave him all the Names of the Ships, according to the Directions which your Man gave him; and he will pursue your Order, and should be glad to have some Satisfaction in the Recovery of your Health.

Har. My Doctor is just gone from me, and he indeed gives me great hopes, Mr. *Tryon*, but I confess, for my own part, I find but little Amendment, and Time goes slowly off hand. Fill Mr. *Tryon* a Glass of Wine. And you are exceeding kind in seeing the Bills of Parcels enter'd, and doubt not but you have taken the same Care in Examining them.

Try. I must confess, I have been forc'd to leave more to Mr. *Sharp* in setling the Prices, than I was willing to do (from the Burthen of Business that I had at home) and shall never advise you for the future to put on so great a Glut of Business upon a sudden; and must now tell you, *inter nos*, that from some Observations that I have made, and some hints from Mr. *Lester* the Dyer, that I fear *Sam. Sharp* is not so much to be trusted: (The Bills are fix'd right, according to the Prices:) I thought this my Duty, and I am in some Fear in it. I have some Confidence in Mr. *Irus*, but can go no further. I doubt I have troubled you too much, and will take my leave.

Har. Indeed, Sir, too much Reason to fear: If what you hint of *Sam. Sharp* should be true, an honest Man is *rara avis*, a Rarity, as the World goes. But I hope the best. *Pamela*, bid *Pfeeam* come up. I am still confin'd, *Pfeeam*, to these Ir. some Draughts, and Milk and Water; get things as fresh as possible, that may help a little.

Pfe. Our Milk-woman calls every Morning constantly, and I believe brings as good Milk as any in Town. Could you put me in any way to do you Service, I would go a Mile barefoot to do it; and am never better pleas'd, than when I hear you ring for any thing.

Har. That's kind, *Pfeeam*; bid *Marcia* come up. Mr. *Tryon* tells me, *Marcia*, that he is Shipping our whole Cargo of Cloth, and has given you several of the Factors Bills of Parcels, and

will see them Enter'd. He likewise tells me, that the Instance Broker hath been with him. Here is at present a Weight of Business upon your Hands, I hope you will quit your self like a good Apprentice, and mind it according to the Opinion that I always had of you. My Misfortune happen'd at a bad time. Mr. Tryon's Diligence and Prudence wholly depend upon being ordered by your Orders.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I shall not be wanting in my part. I book down every thing as it's deliver'd; and I believe the Prices are very much govern'd by Mr. *Sharp*, I know what, I can't tell. And the Insurance Broker tells me, he hath finished almost all your Insurances. I hope we may soon hear of the arrival of the *Holland* Ships, where is your largest Adventure. Mr. *Davus*, Mr. *Crispinus*, and Mr. *Irus*, often enquire after your Health, Sir.

Har. It seems a long time, since I have been confin'd. Do you tell all my Friends, that enquire for me, that I am better, and hope to be down in a short time.

Mar. I am glad, Sir, to hear you give such Orders, and I shall be sure to observe it, and will take all possible care in shipping your Cloth.

Enter Tryon.

Try. I come now to give you an Account of the safe Arrival of your *Holland* Ships, and that I have shipp'd all your Cloth for *Hamborough* and *Lisbon*, which I hope will soon be gone.

Har. You are doubly welcome, Sir; and I can now tell you, that I am much better, and hope to be down in few days. What Money you want, Mr. *Tryon*, my Man shall pay you; we must think of that, as well as buy Cloth; and if I pay the Factors before the Six Months, they may wait for some after the time.

Try. They will be sure to do that, Sir, and I will give them that hint. I find, *Marcus* hath book'd all his Bills of Parcels, and I have help'd him to fix his Patterns, and now wish for good Markets abroad. *Exit.*

Har. Do you, *Marcus*, tell *Susurrus* the Broker, that I must speak with him immediately.

Enter Susurrus.

Har. I sent for you, Mr. *Susurrus*, to desire you to draw Five Hundred Pounds this Post for *Holland*, at as low an Exchange as

as you can, and I hope in a short time to be upon the Exchange. I shall now want you every Week.

Suf. I am exceeding glad, Sir, that you are so well recover'd; we have been under an Eclipse a long time for want of your Company, and I will be sure to draw Five Hundred Pounds for you.

Har. It hath been a teadious long time that I have been ill, and the Exchange will be pleasant to me.

Suf. Your Company, Sir, will make the Exchange pleasant to many. *Exit.*

Mar. The *Hamborough* and *Lisbon* Ships are all gone out of the River, Sir.

Har. I hope, *Marcus*, all your Bills of Lading are sent.

Mar. They went the last post, Sir.

Har. Junito, do you go and call *Senator*. I resolve to go down.

Enter Senator.

Sen. I rejoice to see you, Sir, and have made many Enquiries of your Health.

Har. I have been under a great indisposition, but am now much better, and by the help of my Man *Junito*, and a good Nelsers, I have kept my self as you see I am; and am no sooner come down Stairs, but have sent for you, *Senator*, get your things ready, and trim me as soon as you can.

Sen. I am extremely obliged to you, Sir, and will soon be ready; if any Linen is needful, let *Pseno* get it ready.

Har. The next time you come, I shall expect some News, but will excuse you now. *Exit.*

Junito, bid *Marcus* come to me. *Marcus*, you must make out Bills for Five Hundred Pounds, according to these Notes of *Sufurrus*'s, and take care to get in the Money, and carry it to my Goldsmith.

Pse. Pray, Sir, what shall I get for Dinner? I rejoice to see you down Stairs.

Har. I begin now to recover my Stomach; a couple of Chickens will do for me, get somewhat that is more Substantial for your selves, and get it ready as soon as you can.

Enter Tryon.

Try. Hearing that you was come down Stairs, I could do no less than wait upon you; having the good News of the arrival

of

of your *Hamborough* Ships, and likewise that I hinted to the Factors, that you would pay them some Money before their Bills were due, which I find will be very grateful to them, at this time; and I shall likewise stand in need of some my self.

Har. I will order my Man to pay you Two Hundred Pounds, and desire you to speak to Mr. *Davus*, *Crispinus*, and *Irus*, to send their Men for a Hundred Pounds each on *Saturday*. And do you, *Marcus*, go to *Susurrus* the Broker, and bid him come to me immediately, and then go to the Post-house for my Letters.

Thy. Sir, this will be very good News to the Factors; and no less kindness to me. We have been under an Eclipse by your Illness, and I now rejoice to see you down Stairs, and will follow your Directions. *Exit.*

Mar. Mr. *Susurrus* will wait upon you, and here are your Letters, Sir.

Har. Very well, *Marcus*, and you must provide to pay Five Hundred Pounds on *Saturday*, two to Mr. *Tryon*, and one to *Davus*, one to *Crispinus*, and one to *Irus*.

Mar. Dinner is ready, Sir.

Har. It's a great Pleasure to me, *Pheoni*, to eat my Dinner below Stairs; and I see thee hast got me nice Chickens.

Phe. 'Tis a greater Pleasure to me, Sir, to see you here.

Har. A Glass of Wine, *Tanny*. And do you, *Marcus*, after Dinner speak to the Apothecary to bring me in his Bill.

Enter Susurrus.

I sent for you, Mr. *Susurrus*, to tell you, that I mean to be on the Exchange to Morrow, and desire you to draw me Five Hundred Pounds for *Hamborough*.

Sus. I rejoice, Sir, to see you down Stairs, and will be sure to follow your Orders. *Exit.*

Har. Do you, *Marcus*, take these two Foreign Bills of Exchange from *Hamborough*, and get them accepted; and then carry them to my Goldsmith; and be sure to be ready with your Five Hundred Pounds on *Saturday*, to pay your Factors.

Enter Apothecary.

Apo. I am glad to see you below Stairs, Sir, and have here according to your Order brought your Bill.

Har. I thank you for your Care, Sir, and my Man shall pay you, and I will make a Visit to my Doctor. *Exit Apo.*

Mar.

Mar. The two Foreign Bills of Exchange from *Hamborough*, of Five Hundred Pounds, are accepted, and I have carry'd them to your Goldsmith.

Har. You have done very well, *Marcus*. Do you, *Juncto*, get things ready in my Chamber. I will soon go to Bed.

Pfe. What shall I get ready for your Breakfast, Sir? And what will you have for Dinner?

Har. I think some Chocolate; I am to go to the Exchange. And get me a Dish of Fish for Dinner.

Pfe. Your Chocolate, Sir.

Har. Very well, *Pfecca*. *Juncto*, you must take care of my Wig, and get things ready for me to go to the Exchange. And let you and I, *Marcus*, finish our Foreign Letters. *Juncto*, my Sword and Cane. I go to the Exchange, *Pfecca*, and shall be back at the Old Time. *Exit.*

Enter Sufurrus.

Suf. Finding you so much taken up, Sir, with Friends at the Exchange, I could not give you your Notes of Five Hundred Pounds, which I have drawn for you for *Holland*, and have here brought them.

Har. You have done very well, Mr *Sufurrus*, my Friends were indeed very glad to see me at the Exchange. *Marcus*, do you make your Bills of Exchange, according to these Notes, and get the Money in to our Goldsmith. *Juncto*, do you go and see how long it will be before the Fish will be ready.

Pfe. I hope, Sir, I have got a Dish of Fish to your liking.

Har. I am always satisfy'd, *Pfecca*, in thy Marketting; and indeed it Refresheth very well. I shall soon get Fat again: But have lost the pleasant time of the Year. Fill a Glass of Wine, *Juncto*. *Marcus*, do you be sure to put your Lettery in at the Post-house, and mind to pay the Five Hundred Pounds, as I order'd you; and tell the Factors Men to call upon you every *Saturday* Morning, and I will order them Money.

A long, long Penance I have done,
For a Crime, that to me will known:
I'll guide my Steps, and Sin no more;
Vertue shall be my Choice, I dread a Wh

ACT

ACT III. SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Mr. Davus, Crispinus, *and* Irus, *with their* Plebeians.

Welcome, Gentlemen, very Welcome, kindly Welcome, Gentlemen.

Dav. SHew us your best Room, Drawer, — and when Mr. *Tryon* and Mr. *Sharp* come in, send 'em up; and if Mr. *Lanion*, the Woollstapler enquires for me, let him come up. A fair Room, Gentlemen! The Friends that we expect are the greatest Buyers of Cloth in *London*, Mr. *Tryon* and Mr. *Sharp*. I kiss your Hands. We are but just come in.

Try. I am very glad to see so fair a Shew of Clothiers.

Dav. They belong, Sir, to Three the best Clothing Counties in *Great Britain*, *Glocester-shire*, *Wilts*, and *Somerset-shire*; and either would give you a hearty Welcome, Mr. *Tryon*, if you at any time Travel into those Counties.

Try. Our Master, *Harpalus*, talks of the *Bath* the latter Season; and if he goes, I can't tell but I may go with him. — You told us, that your Intention, Mr. *Davus*, was to be merry with these Gentlemen; and in order to that, I believe, you must get something to eat, as well as to drink.

Dav. What say you, Gentlemen, to some Crabs and Lobsters, the Season is hot?

Try. I think nothing better, with some good Rools, and nice Butter.

Dav. I'll warrant you, Gentlemen, good of all kinds; and I will send you up some good Wine immediately.

Try. I know you to be a good Caterer: You must send up two Bottles of Wine for this long Table. Pray, Gentlemen Clothiers, sit down: You are the Gentlemen that we live by. And I believe you have Three the best Factors in *Blackwell-hall*, in Mr. *Davus*, *Crispinus* and *Irus*, to put off Cloth, which hath been a dull Commodity these late Years. — The Merchants complain, and Clothiers complain.

Sum. I believe, Sir, they have both just Reason, and I wish it was otherwise.

Try.

Try. Gentlemen Clothiers, at the lower end of the Table, Your good Healths. Mr. *Sharp*, my Service to you. I muſt drink over the left Thumb.

Sha. Mr. *Criſpinus*, the Gentlemen Clothiers good Healths! and ſo let the Health go round.

Enter Davus.

Dav. I hope the Drawer brought you good Wine, and I think I have got as good Lobſters and Crabs as any in Town, they are large and ſweet, and I got them for Two Shillings and Three Pence a-piece; Six Lobſters and Two Crabs.

Try. You have a good Faculty at Buying, as well as Selling; Pray fill a Glaſs of Wine, Mr. *Davus*, that you may be even with us. I begun the Gentlemen Clothiers Healths, and I now propoſe, that every Man may fill what he will, but drink what he fills: I am for Liberty.

Som. Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave, that am at the lower end of the Table, and I believe the Oldeſt Man in the Company, to begin your Healths, that are at the upper end of the Table, and that will make a Ballance.

Try. With all my Heart, Mr. *Somerſet*, your Age commands it; and ſo let's keep Turns. Admirable good Lobſters and Crabs, Mr. *Davus!*

Enter Mr. Lanion *the Wooll-ſtapler.*

Lan. I hope no Offence, Gentlemen; I came up by Mr. *Davus*'s Order, and am glad to ſee ſo fine a Shew of Clothiers, the Gentlemen that I live by.

Try. I dare ſay, Mr. *Lanion*, you are Welcome for your Money; and now we are Six to Six, and all Dependants upon the Golden Fleece, and you are come in to the Second Glaſs, which is our Healths at the upper end of the Table, began by a Fatherly Clothier at the lower.

Dav. I am to anſwer for your Welcome, Mr. *Lanion*, and the Goodneſs of the Lobſters. I know you to be good Company, and we are all of a piece. Pray, Mr. *Sharp*, handle the Lobſters for your ſelf and others; you are the nice Man at Faults, and I believe you never touch'd better.

Som. Have you left room for Mr. *Sharp* to take off Three-pence a piece from the Lobſters, and bring them to even Money.

Mr. *Davus*, I seldom find so little as that taken off in my Accompts for Faults, &c.

Try. I believe, *Sam. Sharp*, you have met with your Match. Look to your Hits! Three Pence in Two Shillings is a large Abatement.

Glo. I wish that Matter was fix'd at a Certainty. I will allow Five *per Cent.* out of all the Cloth I make, for Abatements, and other Expence, besides Factorage.

Will. Indeed, Gentlemen, that matter is come to a Grievance.

Dav. Wave these Matters now, Gentlemen, we come to be merry. Let us eat our Lobsters, and drink our Wine. Mr. *Tryon*, begin another Health, and put the Glass round.

Try. Mr. *Linion*, my Service to you: To the Immortal Memory of King *William*; and so let the Glass go round.

Som. Are you ready, Mr. *Sharp*, to draw out your Bill of Abatement upon the Lobsters? I see you have pretty well pearch'd 'em.

Dav. Mr. *Iris*, wink upon your Clothier, he spoils Company. (*Aside.*

Sha. Mr. *Davus*, dismiss that Subject? I can make no Answer.

Dav. Every thing is a Cordial to me in this Health, Mr. *Tryon*, our great Deliverer.

Som. We Clothiers stand in need of some other Deliverance; and one Glass or two more, will put me above a Wink.

Dav. These Country-Men can't bear Wine, Mr. *Tryon.* (*Aside.*

Glo. We are all of a piece, Brother *Somerset.* (*Aside.*

Chr. The Lobsters and Crabs, Gentlemen, are bravely eaten. Ring for some more Wine, that we may make the Fish swim.

Som. I second your Motion, Sir; and it's my turn to begin a Health. It was said but now, that we all are Dependants upon the Golden Fleece.

Try. I said it, Mr. *Somerset*, and it's your turn to begin a Health; and it's certainly true.

Som. Will you give me leave to explain my self, Gentlemen, upon the Health I am to begin.

Try. I agree to that, your Age commands it, Sir?

Som.

Som. I propose the Golden Fleece, and that no Man in the Company be admitted to drink it, that can't make claim to the Profit of it, by an Improvement of the Manufacture.

Try. The Health is Reasonable, Sir, and so agreeable to the Publick, that no Objection can be made; and as you have propos'd the Health, I move that you may be *Chairman* to decide the Debate.

Glo. I Second that Motion, Sir.

Wilt. And I Third it.

Som. I don't intend hereby to stop the common Course of Drinking, Gentlemen, but to make this a particular Health; and am proud of the Honour you have conferr'd upon me, by giving me the Chair; and shall only recommend a due Temper in your Debates, and observe to my Brother Clothiers, that there is a Statute Law, that no Person shall be admitted to make Cloth, unless he be the Eldest Son of a Clothier, or hath served Seven Years, which must be a Qualification in the Admittance to the Profit of the Golden Fleece; and I hope you will act therein upon Honour.

Try. Mr. *Chairman*, you have very well quitted your self of Partiality in your last Observation, and I think that Law was well grounded; and if the Senate-House hath taken that care, you may justly spew out all such that shelter themselves in the Fleece, and no way improve the Manufacture; and I desire you to proceed in your Power and Jurisdiction.

Glo. I Second that worthy Member's Motion.

Som. I am the Eldest Son of my Father, who was a Clothier,--- and as such ---- Prosperity, Gentlemen, to the Golden Fleece! by which *Harry* the Seventh made this Kingdom Wealthy, Queen *Elizabeth* Glorious, and doubt not but our present Majesty herein will exceed either; and I move that the Health may proceed regularly from the Chair, the Clothiers first.

Wilt. Then, Sir, it is my turn next to take the Glass; and upon Honour, I hereby declare, that as I am now imploy'd in making of Cloth, that I served Seven Years as an Apprentice, and I hope Mr. *Chairman*, you will admit me to drink the Health.

Som. [After some convenient Pause, and no Objection] Brother *Wiltshire*, you are admitted.

Wilt. My Service to you, Brother *Gloceſterſhire*, Proſperity to the Golden Fleece.

Glo. You proceed with ſuch Candour, Mr. *Chairman*, that I frankly declare, that I did never ſerve Seven Years as an Apprentice, nor am I the Son of a Clothier.

Som. Then, Sir, by the Authority you have conferr'd upon me, You are expell'd; but by your frank Confeſſion, and the great neglect in executing that Law, I hope the Law may be renew'd, preſerving thoſe that are in the Imployment at preſent, with a ſtrict Obſervation of the Law for the future, which is all the Comfort I can give you. Pray give the Glaſs to the next.

Glo. I am of the ſame County, Mr. *Chairman*, and do Solemnly declare, that I was the Son of a Clothier, and likewiſe ſerved Seven Years as an Apprentice.

Som. Your Title thereby is very ſtrong; and you are admitted.

Glo. My Service to you, Brother *Somerſet*; Proſperity to the Golden Fleece.

Som. As I am ſo happy to be of the ſame County with our worthy Chairman, I affirm, that I ſerved Seven Years as an Apprentice to a Clothier in *Froome*, and I deſire that I may be admitted.

Som. I can't deny my own Cauntryman; what he offers, is of my own Knowledge. Put the Glaſs round.

Som. Brother *Wiltſhire*, Proſperity to the Golden Fleece.

Wilt. I own, Mr. Chairman, that I can't come in, being no Son of a Clothier; nor did I ever ſerve Seven Years as an Apprentice.

Som. All the Favour you can expect, Sir, is from the Renewing the Old Law, as was told your Brother of *Gloceſter*.....And for the preſent you are expell'd; which ends this Claſs.

Try. I think, worthy Chairman, that my Claim comes next in courſe; and as I am a Packer, regularly brought up by Seven Years Service, I hope my Claim will appear Reaſonable: The Cloth ſold at Foreign Markets is our cleareſt gain, which can't appear to the beſt advantage abroad, but by the Skill of a Packer, in Preſſing, Tilletting, Numbering, Setting of Patterns, *&c.* And if any Objection to my Claim may ariſe, I hope I may have freedom to anſwer.

Som.

Som. [After ſome convenient Pauſe] Gentlemen, I don't find any Objection to this Claim, a Packer is an ancient Profeſſion, you are thereby admitted; and pray put the Glaſs to the next in courſe.

Fry. Mr. *Samuel Sharp*, my Service to you, proſperity to the Golden Fleece.

Sha. I appeal to theſe Gentlemen Clothiers, Mr. *Chairman*, whether, in Milling their Cloth, Accidents do not often happen in many Rents, *&c.* I am a Cloth-Drawer, and brought up regularly to my Trade, a Free-man of *London*. I can't tell what Malice and Spite may be in the Breaſts of Men. But I can't ſee any Objection to my Claim. I can with my Needle and Silk, and the finiſhing Inſtrument, which I call a *Gooſe*, make a Rent as firm as the whole Cloth, and it muſt be a nice Eye to diſcern it.

Wilt. I declare my ſelf free from Malice, Mr. *Chairman*, tho' I have been often bit by Cloth-Drawers, as my Accompts will ſhew; yet can't but object againſt this Gentleman's Claim; and the Maxim that I build my Objection upon, is this, That the Woollen Manufactury of this Kingdom ought not to be burthen'd with any unneceſſary Charge, other Countries being in Competition with us at Foreign Markets; and I think that part, which he claims, to be the proper Work of a Taylor; and I think it reaſonable, that an Act ſhould paſs, that no Rent ſhould be drawn but by the Taylor, when he makes a Suit. In the firſt place, it's Juſt and Reaſonable that all Buyers of Cloth ſhould know what they buy; in the next place, many Rents would hereby be cut out by the Taylor, in the contrivance of his Suit, and not drawn up, or contriv'd in ſuch places of the Suit, that they will be no Eye-ſore; and what is a real occaſion of Drawing, the Tayler can as well do as the Cloth-drawer; and a Taylor is a needful Trade; and hereby Mill-men's Diligence and others would be quickened, in avoiding Rents. And to ſum up all, It's the Practice of the *French* King, who will ſuffer no Rent to be, without a Token or Mark to Show it. --- You have heard before, Mr. *Chairman*, what Charge it brought upon Cloth by Drawers, Five *per Cent*; and if my firſt Maxim is true, I humbly move, that he may be expell'd.

Som. What ſay you, Mr. *Sharp*, may not that Sentence paſs againſt you? I think theſe are Reaſons that can't be anſwer'd.

Sha.

Sha. It would be a monſterous Sight, Mr. *Chairman*, abroad, to ſee the Rents of ſome Cloth; and I appeal to your Clemency, if this had not better be rectified in our own Country, to avoid diſputes, and make Trade more currant; and I utterly deny Five *per Cent.*

Glo. I beg a few Words, Mr. *Chairman*, on the Appearance of Faults: All Cloth is bought by Merchants; and it ſeems Reaſonable, where conſiderable Accidents do happen, as Thorows, *&c.* that ſtated Allowances be given in Meaſure, and the ſame given to the Buyer abroad; and when this is become a general Practice, the matter will appear more familiar, and theſe Rents are not very common with careful Millmen.

Sha. Some Merchants, Mr. *Chairman*, will not paſs Faulty Cloth upon any Allowance.

Glo. If Accidents happen, Sir, all Merchants ought to ſhare a-like, and take their Allowance, and no return of Cloth. In ſhort, Mr. *Chairman*, Merchants neglect their own Buſineſs, by leaving it to Cloth-Drawers; and what they do in Pearching and Examining of Cloth, ought to be done by their Apprentices; hereby they will come to know Cloth, and be beneficial Merchants to the Publick. The Meaſure of Cloth is now fix'd by Act of Parliament, and done by a Sworn Mill-man: Upon which I ſecond the Motion, that Mr. *Sharp* be expell'd. The leſſer Inconvenience muſt ſubmit to the greater.

Som. The motion being thus Seconded, and Grounded upon ſo good Reaſons, Mr. *Sharp*, you are thereby expell'd the Golden Fleece.----Mr. *Lanton*, I think you ſtand next.

Lan. I appear as a Wooll-ſtapler, a much ancienter Profeſſion than a Clothier, many Statute Laws are made to govern our Trade, Mr. *Chairman*; we ſupport the Little Clothiers, that can make but one ſort of Cloth; and indeed we are the ſupport of a Conſiderable Part of the Clothing Trade, as Mr. *Davus*, Mr. *Criſpinus*, and Mr. *Irus* can very well teſtifie; and ſhould the leaſt Check be put to our Trade in Buying of Wooll, all the Farmers in *Great Britain* would be about your Ears. So that I ſtand in Defiance.

Glo. I humbly move, Mr. *Chairman*, that one Glaſs may paſs round

round before we enter upon this Debate, that we may have some Heart; I find this is a very rough Gentleman.

Wilt. I second the Motion.----

Som. Fill round, that we may lose no Time; and ring for some more Wine. I find the Jurisdiction of the Court is in question.

Glo. As I moved for a Glass of Wine, Mr. *Chairman*, It will be expected for me, I believe, to open this Debate (tho' very unfit.)----And I object in the first place against the Gentleman's Name; he is no Wooll-stapler, but a Wool-brogger, and that's a Crime of a high Nature. As to the Laws that were made in the Reign of *Edward* the Third to govern the Staple, they were made in the Infancy of Trade, and very prudently, that Wooll might come dear to Foreign Manufacturers, and thereby encourage our own. And in the Reign of *Edward* the Fourth sprung up Wooll-broggers, that bought Wooll in our own Kingdom, and sold it again without Manufacturing it. The Laws of the Staple related only to Wooll that was exported, and as we came to be able to work up all our Wooll, those Laws ceased of course, and these Wooll-broggers were restrain'd from buying of Wooll by Act of Parliament, *Anno quinto Edward* the *Sixth*, all Persons by that Law were restrain'd from buying of Wooll, unless they made it into Yarn, or some sort of Manufacture; which Law was made with that Caution, that the King by his Proclamation should dissolve the said Act, notwithstanding which it subsisted Seventy Years, and the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* was the most Flourishing Trade that this Kingdom ever knew; by which it's evident, that these Persons were thought then to be a Grievance; and upon divers good Considerations they are so now. That Multitudes of Clothiers are at this time subsisted by the these Wooll-broggers and Factors, I allow; but these are only Servants to them: Upon which I move, that this Gentleman may be expell'd.

Try. I beg a few Words in this Debate, Mr. *Chairman*; The chief ground upon which the Authority of this Court was set up, was, whether the Golden Fleece was hereby improved; and I desire, that Mr. *Lanion* may make out that point.

Lan. There is no making of Cloth without parting the Fleece, and this we do, which is the first Step to making of Cloth, which

which muſt be an Improvement. And this falls in courſe to ſuch hands, that it's fit for; to the fine Clothier; to the courſe Clothier; to the Wool-Comber, *&c.*

Wilt. The point mov'd by Mr. *Tryon*, I take to be, *cardo rerum*, the hinge upon which this matter turns, Mr. *Chairman*; and here I will give as Candid an Account as I can. In the firſt place I affirm, that there is little Wooll ſo exactly ſorted, but in a nice way of making Cloth, muſt be ſorted over again; and it's no Inconvenience to any Clothier to buy his Wooll in the Fleece, having Work-people of different Hands, ſome for fine, and ſome for courſe. I beg leave, Mr. *Chairman*, to enumerate the Inconveniencies that are hereby brought upon the Golden Fleece: The Wooll-brogger buys his Wooll in the Summer, and ſells out the greateſt part in the Winter, by which means Wooll many times catcheth Wet, which is a great denial to its Working, and our High-ways hereby become almoſt impaſſable; Wooll is now bought at *Windſor*, and carry'd back to *London*, and thence ſent into *Wiltſhire*, which is a needleſs Charge; the Wooll-broggers, many times, mix the Wooll of divers Counties together, which being of different Proof, is prejudicial to the Cloth; but the moſt material, the Exportation of Wooll, is encourag'd by a general Liberty in Buying; and what this Gentleman builds upon in Sorting of Wooll, is of ſo ſmall a value, I can have a Pack of Wooll ſorted for One Shilling; ſo that I Second my Brother *Glocester* to have him expell'd the Golden Fleece.

Som. I beg leave, Mr. *Chairman*, to ſpeak to one point alledged by this Gentleman, which hath not yet been touch'd upon, and that is, the threatning part of his Plea, That the Farmers will ſupport him by Force; and I appeal in every thing I ſay, to a Knowing Auditory: If Wooll-broggers were ſuppreſs'd, the Farmer would have double the Number of Buyers, (one Wooll-brogger buying as much Wooll as ſeveral Clothiers make uſe of) and a better Price. In the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when theſe Wooll-broggers were ſuppreſs'd, Wooll ſold at almoſt double the Price as it hath of late Years. Upon the whole, Sir, I Third the Motion, that he may be expell'd the Golden Fleece.

Som.

Som. This, Gentlemen, hath been a long Debate, grounded on Facts that I know to be true: Therefore, by the Authority of this Court, I expel you, Mr. *Lanion*, from the Benefit of the Golden Fleece. It grows late, and I hope the other three Gentlemen Factors will make good their Claim jointly, their Intereſt being entirely the ſame; and each of them ſhall have a Freedom of Speech.

Dav. I object againſt the Authority of your Court, and the Partiality of your Proceedings; you are Judge and Jury within your ſelves: And if Mr. *Lanion*, a worthy Gentleman, whom you have expell'd, with the reſt of his Profeſſion, will give their Aſſiſtance, we can make your own Work-people devour you, as *Acteon* was by his Dogs.

Som. I take this Gentleman to be pleading Guilty; and I have in this caſe enough, of my own Knowledge, to ſupport the Authority of the Court. In the next place, I remember the Trade when there was no Factors, the Clothier ſold his Cloth to the Merchant, and received ready Money; ſo they are Muſhrooms, not Pen-feather'd with the Wings of Time. In the next place, they have eſtabliſhed a Credit in the Sale of Cloth, which hath brought heavy Debts upon the Clothiers; and their way of Living is very Expenſive; the beſt Houſes in Town, Coach, and Equipage in Green; and thereby unfit Servants to be commanded by Clothiers; and they can make no Pretence of Benefitting the Golden Fleece. I therefore (ſince they will not plead) do, by the Authority of this Court, expel you, Mr. *Davus*, Mr. *Criſpinus*, and Mr. *Irus*, Factors of *Blackwell-Hall*, from the Benefit of the Golden Fleece; and you are hereby expell'd, and this Court is hereby adjourned.

Dav. How ſheepiſh theſe Clothiers will look, Mr. *Lanion*, to Morrow-morning, when the Wine is out of their Heads. (*Aſide.*

Try. I think, Mr. *Chairman*, you have quitted your ſelf with Honour, and given us very good Direction; and tho' a Matter of Jeſt, yet too much Truth in it. I move for two Bottles more, to waſh off the Lee, that may ſettle upon ſome Men's Stomachs, and then our Reckoning; it grows late, almoſt Eleven by my Watch. Ring, and pray, Mr. *Chairman*, do you begin.

Som. Gentlemen, I thank you for the Honour you have con-

ferr'd upon me, and, laying aſide all Malice, I drink all your Healths: And to you, Mr. *Tryon*, firſt. A Bill, Drawer.

Try. I Pledge you, Sir, in all Sincerity. To you, Mr. *Lanion*, laying aſide all Malice.

Lan. I Pledge you, Mr. *Tryon*, with all my Heart. But I think theſe Gentlemen have carry'd the Jeſt too far, and indeed in misbecoming Language.

Try. I take it to be no more than a *Chriſtmas Play*, Sir.

Som. As you fix'd in me an Authority by a Majority, ---I think I did well in proceeding accordingly, and ſhall make no Apology for any Words that I ſpoke; and if any Gentleman here is not willing, as I am, to let it paſs a Jeſt, let him turn his Buckle behind him.

Clo. We all ſtand by our worthy *Chairman*, in what he laſt ſaid.

Dav. I think indeed you have treated Mr. *Lanion* very Scurrilouſly.

Som. My Blood by this Glaſs is a little hot. Have not you, *David*, threatned to devour us, as *Albeon* was by his Dogs? Was that a proper Expreſſion for Servants to give their Maſters? I know it is in the Power of the Factors, in Conjunction with their Brethren the Woollbroggers, to ſink Trade in the Hands of a Multitude of Clothiers: But give me leave to tell you, that the Lion is not ſo fierce as it's painted in that caſe; and if I had ready Money for my Cloth, I could, with my ſtock, make Three times the Cloth I do; and I doubt not but Cloth will be always made to anſwer the Conſumption; and if the Work-people are not imploy'd by theſe Journymen Clothiers, they would ſoon have better Maſters. Do you think, if we had but Fifty Woollen-Drapers, inſtead of One Hundred, which you have ſet up by the Credit of *Blackwell-Hall*, that any one would want a Suit, that hath Money to buy? The Conſumption is that which gives Life. It grows late, Gentlemen; here, Drawer, give me your Bill. The Sum-total is juſt Three Pounds to pay.

Try. That, Gentlemen, is juſt a Crown each. There's my Crown. Put down, *Sharp*, tho' you are expell'd.

Sha. With all my Heart, I know how——My Crown.

Lan. My Crown.

Dav. My Crown,---I think we muſt conſider the Drawer ſomething; a Shilling.

Criſ.

Criſ. My Crown.

Irus. My Crown.

Som. As you have given me Authority to be your *Chairman*, pray give me leave to Examine this Bill! Pray Mr. Drawer, how do you reckon One Pound Nineteen Shillings for Wine, when to my Knowledge we have had but Twelve Bottles?

Draw. Six of the Bottles, Sir, was the beſt Wine that my Maſter hath in his Cellar, which we never ſell, nor can afford, under Five Shillings a Bottle, and the other Six was Eighteen-peny Wine.

Som. I am ſatisfied; that indeed makes the Article right. Pray by whoſe Order——?

Draw. Mr. *Davus* order'd it, Sir.

Som. Pray how was theſe Six Bottles put down upon the Table?

Draw. I hope, Sir, you would not have me put Five-ſhilling Wine below Eighteen-peny.

Dav. I own the Fact, Sir, and I believe I underſtand your Intereſt, Gentlemen, better than you do your ſelves; we are intruſted to ſell your Cloth, and Mr. *Tryon*, and Mr. *Sharp*, are as great Buyers of Cloth as any in *London*, and courted by all Factors to buy: I did this to gratifie theſe Gentlemen, and it is in their Power to do you Ten times the Kindneſs. Have not they this Spring clear'd our Standings, for Mr. *Harpalus*, the beſt Merchant upon the Exchange? And, I think, I have herein done you a very great Kindneſs. Indeed I thought they ſhould have paid nothing, but this unhandſome Procedure hath broken Meaſures.

Som. It's late, *Davus*, and this ſhall bear no more Debate than the Seiſure of your Wig, you Raſcal, to pay for your Five-Shilling Wine.

Lan. I won't ſtand ſtill, and ſee my Friend abuſed.

Glo. Pull the Wooll-brogger's Wig off, Brother *Wilts.* We'll peck them down Stairs, if they affront our antient *Chairman*. Is this an Affront to be born?

Try. Step down, Mr. *Criſpinus*, and pay the whole Reckoning; this will come to an unhappy Broil, and be of ill Conſequence to be talk'd of upon the Exchange. (*Aſide.*

Wilt. If any Man ſtir a Foot farther, I will break his Head

with a Bottle. When these Men have paid for their Five-shilling Wine, they shall have their Wigs again.

Enter Landlord of the House.

Land. I am very sorry, Gentlemen, that any Difference should happen between so good Friends; the Reckoning is all paid, and you are kindly Welcome.

Try. Let the Wigs be deliver'd, Gentlemen; you can't be angry at being well used.----Each Man take his Money; and by one Meeting more, all may be Friends.

Exeunt Tryon, Lanion, Sharp, Dawus, Crispinus, and *Irus.*

Som. We are left by our selves, and we han't time to reflect upon what hath pass'd: I will ring for one Bottle of this *French* Wine. Drawer, do you immediately bring us a Bottle of your best *French* Wine. Now, Gentlemen, what I propose is this, That by this Bottle of Wine we engage our selves to stand together, and as we are now in Defiance with those Factors, not to give one Inch of Ground.----I have examin'd my Account, and find a considerable Quantity of Cloth sold to this *Harpalus*, and but little paid for. I find too, upon Examination, that not one Note is taken from *Harpalus* for this Cloth, which we must be satisfied in, by going to Mr. *Harpalus*; and if I find that true, I will immediately Enter an Action against my Factor, upon the late Act of Parliament, that enjoyns the Factors to take Notes for all Cloth they sell for time; and in Confirmation of this, I drink this Glass of Wine, and I hope all will Pledge me, and resolve upon the same.

Wilt. One and all, I dare say; my Service to you, Brother *Glocester*----and so it went round. Ring, it's late, and we shall be shut out of our Quarters.

Som. Drawer, here is Five Shillings for your Bottle of Wine, and one Shilling for you.

Did ever Villany so plain appear,
In Impudence and Confidence, as here?
Was ever Man, by Servants Wink, controul'd?
No Age can parallel, I dare be bold.
Won'd it not therefore give a Man the Spleen,
To see a Mushroom Factor with Liv'ry of Green?

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE, *Harpalus's Hall.*

Enter Susurrus.

Har. I Sent for you, Mr. *Susurrus*, to desire you to get me Five Hundred Pounds this Exchange for *Holland*, and Three Hundred Pounds for *Hamborough*; you must be sure to do it, for I have a more than ordinary occasion.

Sus. I will be sure to do it, Sir.

Enter Davus.

Dav. I came to wait upon you, Sir, being exceedingly press'd by my Clothiers for Money, the time of Year being now come for Buying in their Wooll: I hope you will excuse me,

Har. You are very welcome, Sir, you need make no Excuse in that; I must as well pay, as buy Cloth: And do you be sure to send your Man upon *Saturday* Morning, and I will pay him a good Sum. I will not entertain you now with the Complaints of a bad Trade, hoping that I have Neighbours-fare; but really it's extraordinary.

Dav. I find the same amongst all Merchants, and Money wonderful scarce: This Peace, I believe, will ruin us all. I'll be sure to send my Man, and shall think my self very much obliged, Sir. (*Exit.*

Enter Tryon.

Try. Having some pressing Letters from my Clothiers for Money, I made bold to wait upon you, Sir.

Har. I am always glad to see Mr. *Tryon*, being my confident Friend; and am sorry I am forc'd to acquaint you of the extraordinary Complaints that come from abroad. Mr. *Davus* was just now with me upon the same Errand, and he tells me, this Peace will ruin us all. I bid him send his Man upon *Saturday* Morning, and I would pay him a round Sum; and will be sure to do the same for you, Mr. *Tryon*, pray send your Man.

Try. That's exceeding kind, Sir; I am not for laying the whole Blame of a bad Trade upon the Peace, with Mr. *Davus*; I wish the Wars abroad were over. Countries are so impoverished by the War, that they have not Money to buy Cloth.

But

But theſe Matters require a long Debate, with which I ſhall not trouble you farther now; but will be ſure to ſend my Man.

Har. I reſolve for Boules this Afternoon, Mr. *Tryon*, and ſhould be glad to ſee you there.

Try. I have extraordinary Buſineſs to day, I doubt I can't come, Sir. (*Exit.*

Enter Criſpinus.

Criſ. Shear-time being come on, Sir, I am ſo ſtorm'd with Bills from my Clothiers, that I can hold out no longer, without ſome extraordinary Aſſiſtance, which hath forc'd me to wait upon you, Sir.

Har. I will aſſure you, Mr. *Criſpinus*, I have extraordinary Complaints from abroad, which makes me ſometimes think, that you have dealt hard by me in Prices: However, if you ſend your Man upon *Saturday*, I will pay him a good Sum; and ſo likewiſe every *Saturday*.

Criſ. I hope I ſhall be able to requite your Kindneſs by as long a Delay, and hope you will excuſe me. (*Exit.*

Enter Irus.

Irus. I am aſhamed to wait upon ſo worthy a Merchant as you, Sir; but Neceſſity has no Law, and I muſt beg your Aſſiſtance. — I was never put to ſuch Straights for the Payment of Bills in my Life. The General Receiver is come to Town, and my Clothiers have taken his Money; and if I don't pay their Bills, an Extent will follow.

Har. Do you be ſure to ſend your Man upon *Saturday* Morning, Mr. *Irus*, and I will pay him a good Sum; and every *Saturday* Morning let your Man come.

Irus. I hope you will excuſe me, Sir. (*Exit.*

Harpalus ſolus.

Har. This is an extraordinary Dun: It's well I had no more Factors; but I ſhall do well enough. I muſt make uſe of my Friends, to do for me, as I have often done for them; and get *Verres* my Goldſmith to diſcount a couple of Promiſſory Notes of Five Hundred Pounds. Theſe Factors will not always run full-cry ſure. And I muſt make *Sufurrus* beſtir himſelf; it will be good for his Pocket. *Junito*, do you call *Sonator* the Barber. I muſt go to Boules this Afternoon. And bid *Pſecas* get my Linen ready. I ſhall have ſoon done my Letters.

Enter

Enter Sonator.

Har. The World always go well with you, *Sonator*; you have no Bills of Exchange to pay.

Son. Your Bills of Exchange, Sir, I believe, are of some Value; and where can you find a Barber that has Twenty Pounds before hand?

Har. Pray, *Sonator*, remember my best Wig.

Son. That fled away, Sir, like a Flock of Larks; and I was forc'd to kiss my Wife, and by intreaty, to get all the Money that she had to pay for the Hair that made it.

Har. You are always poor, *Sonator*. I'll warrant your Wife has a Gold Watch.

Son. Pray, Sir, how came you to hit that Blot? I got a good Sum of Money with my Wife, and paid for it with her Money, which is a Secret to this Day; and I hope I shall turn the Watch into a Perriwig, by some Chymistry that I am learning.

Har. This Razor of yours is not nicely Set. Did you Ladder my Face enough?

Son. It has been lately Grounds, Sir: I will try another. *Juncta*, is your Master's Linen ready?

Pse. I have brought your Muslin Ruffles, Sir; I believe those are best, if you go to Boules.

Har. Very well, *Pseecas*. I go to *Garraway's*, and don't you let me tarry for my Dinner.

Pse. *Juncta*, tell your Master, Dinner's ready.

Jun. Dinner's upon the Table, Sir.

Har. Come, *Marcus*. Have you got some Wine ready, *Juncta Pseecas* never fails in her part. No Man eats better than I: Admirable Roast Beef! I can't tell but I may come in late, I must go to some Friends after Boules. You must make out Bills, *Marcus*, according to those Notes of *Sufurrus*'s, and be sure to get in the Money by *Saturday*; you must then pay Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds to Mr. *Tryon*, and so much a piece to Mr. *Davis*, *Crispinus* and *Irus*. It's a bloody high Exchange to Day; I am amaz'd at it, how it should rise so upon a sudden!

Enter Lester *the Dyer.*

I sent for you, Mr. *Lester*, upon a Complaining Letter that I receiv'd from my Correspondent at *Lisbon*. Do you fetch the Letter,

Letter, *Marcus.* He writes me, that my Blews are of ſuch a faint Colour, that he can't ſell a piece, and that Mr. *Del*——'s Ware-houſe runs away with the whole Trade; I had an Extraordinary Confidence in you, and indeed a great Kindneſs; you may read the Letter your ſelf; but am now confounded, and my Trade ſtopt, and indeed can't but expreſs my ſelf with a little Warmth; and inſtead of receiving Bills, I have nothing but Complaints.

Lef. Will you give me leave, Sir, to make my Defence, in the ſame Freedom? In which I deſire that my Name may not be call'd in Queſtion.

Har. Do you, *Marcus*, carry the Letter into the Compting-houſe, now Mr. *Lefter* hath ſeen it. I aſſure you, Mr. *Lefter*, I ſhall take all things kind from you.

Lef. The Dearneſs of Indigo in our Blews hath been very hard upon us, Sir; but to this is added ſuch a Slavery, that we are brought under by Drawers, that it's intolerable. Merchants leaving their whole Affairs to them, and your Health is not every Night drank in Five-ſhilling Wine without a vaſt Expence; good part of which, we Dyers, are forc'd to bear, by ſuch Allowances indeed as they think fit, which I confeſs muſt appear in the Colours. It's hereby that the *Dutch* get ſuch Advantage of us in Trade, who are frugal, and go the neareſt way in every thing; and I believe, Sir, you will have ſome farther Evidence of the Truth of this Matter before it's long. I hope, Sir, you will excuſe me in this, being in Fact true, and not bring my Name in queſtion.

Har. My Eyes, I muſt confeſs, are every Day more and more opened in this Matter, and Merchants in general begin to be appriz'd. Wine at Five Shillings a Bottle run to a high Expence. I thank you, Mr. *Lefter*, for this Information. (*Exit Lef.*

Do you go, *Marcus*, to Mr. *Verres* the Goldſmith, with theſe two Promiſſory Notes of Five Hundred Pounds, and deſire him to diſcount them for me, and that will put you in Caſh, and come back to me immediately.

Mar. I have been with Mr. *Verres*, Sir, and he hath diſcounted the Notes, and given my Caſh Credit for the ſame.

Har. Then to Morrow-morning, *Marcus*, pay your Factors a Thouſand Pounds with Applauſe.

Enter

Enter Tryon *and* Suſurrus.

Gentlemen, I ſent for you in a more than ordinary concern, and indeed I am ſtrangely ſuppriſed; I find, Mr. *Suſurrus*, that you drew my laſt Eight Hundred Pound above the Courſe of the Exchange; and I have had many hints from ſome Friends of mine, of a Feud that lately happen'd at the *Sun Tavern*, where my Name was in queſtion; and I muſt deſire you, Mr. *Suſurrus*, to tell me whether my Bill was ſlighted or not, and how this came to paſs.

Suſ. You gave me Orders, Sir, without any Limitation, to draw the Money; and I muſt own too, that I found your Bill ſlighted by ſeveral of my Friends; and I was forc'd to give above the Courſe of the Exchange to procure the Money. As to the Tavern-Feud, which I am ſenſible was the occaſion of it, Mr. *Tryon* can give you the beſt account.

Try. It is a very unpleaſing Relation, Sir, but it was my Misfortune to be there, being invited by Mr. *Davus*, *Criſpinus*, and *Irus*, who were to be merry with their Clothiers; many pleaſing Adventures happened, and I found that the Clothiers had a great Pique at one Mr. *Lanion*, a Wooll-ſtapler, whom Mr. *Davus* invited, who I find doth imploy ſeveral Journymen Clothiers. The Quarrel happen'd upon Mr. *Davus*'s Ordering Five-ſhilling Wine to be brought to the upper end of the Table, and Eighteen-peny Wine to the lower end of the Table, where the Clothiers ſat. There were Three Factors, a Wooll-ſtapler, Mr. *Sharp* and I, at the upper end, and Six Clothiers at the lower end. A Bill being brought up, and the Clothiers to pay their Club, an ancient *Somerſetſhire* Clothier, by Examining the Drawer upon the Article of Wine, diſcover'd the Abuſe, and inſtantly pull'd off Mr. *Davus*'s Wig, Mr. *Lanion* giving Aſſiſtance; his Wig was likewiſe pull'd off by ſome other Clothier. I took Mr. *Criſpinus* aſide, and ſent him down to pay the whole Reckoning, which put an end to the Feud; and have endeavour'd ever ſince to reconcile the Differance, but all ineffectual; the Clothiers having got an Advantage of the Factors by the Cloth they ſold you, Sir, without taking Notes, and this Affair is now diſcours'd on upon the Exchange. I think Mr *Davus* has acted a very impudent part in it.

Har. This is an Affair of very great Conſequence; a Man's

Credit in Trade is a very nice point. I muſt deſire you, Gentlemen, to ſtifle the Matter what you can. I intend to pay you, Mr. *Tryon*, and the Factors, to Monrow-morning a Thouſand Pounds; and deſire you, Mr. *Sufurrus*, to come and conſult with me before the next Exchange-day. (*Exeunt.*

Mar. I have brought your Receipt-Book, which ſhews, that I have paid the Thouſand Pound you order'd; and I have appointed the Factors Men to come every *Saturday*. I wiſh I knew as well how to buy Cloth, as to pay for it.

Har. I hope to ſee you, *Marcus*, a good Merchant; and will endeavour, that you therein may have your deſire.

Enter Davus's *Man, with a* Plebeian.

Pſe. Here is Mr. *Davus*'s Man to ſpeak with you, Sir, and a Countryman with him.

Har. Bring them into the Hall; and as ſoon as I am dreſs'd, I'll come down. What's the meaning of this? I paid him Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds upon *Saturday*. Gentlemen, pray what's your Pleaſure?

Glo. I came to wait upon you, Sir, finding by my Accompt, that you had bought a conſiderable Quantity of my Cloth; and have brought with me Mr. *Davus*'s Man, to ſatisfie you of the Truth of it; and the Time of the Year to buy our Wooll being come, I muſt deſire you to pay me for it.

Har. I preſume you are a Clothier, Sir, and I believe what you ſay to be true. I have a general Accompt with Mr. *Davus*, and this Man can ſatisfie you, that upon that general Accompt I paid him Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds laſt *Saturday*, (He knows beſt what he did with that Money) and I intend to pay him more upon *Saturday* next: So that I am quite ignorant how your Affair ſtands in the Accompt. You look like a good Clothier, and I take Mr. *Davus* to be a good Factor; that is, ſharp enough on your ſide. Which is all the Satisfaction I can poſſibly give you, Sir?

Glo. I deſire to know, if you gave Mr. *Davus* any Note, payable to the Clothier, Sir.

Har. I do aſſure you, Sir, he never demanded any Note of me. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Irus's *Man, with a* Plebeian.

Som. I am a *Somerſetſhire* Clothier, Sir, and made Cloth above

theſe

theſe Forty Years; and by Mr. *Irus*'s Accompt, I find that you have bought many of my Cloaths. I came to *London*, expecting Money for my Cloth, or Notes, as the late Act of Parliament provides. He will allow me but about a Fifth Part of the Money due from you, and tells me, he hath no Note at all of yours; which made me, contrary to his Order, come to wait upon you, Sir, to deſire you to pay me for what Cloth you bought; or, if it may not ſuit your Conveniency to pay the whole, which is upward of Three Hundred Pounds that is behind, to give me a Note of your Hand, payable in ſome ſhort time, which will be the ſame Service to me as Money.

Har. I pay a great Reſpect to you, Sir, from your Years; and indeed you look to be a very good Clothier, and of more Judgment, I believe, than to think that I can break the Courſe of my Buſineſs. I paid Mr. *Irus*, upon *Saturday* laſt, Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds, and intend to pay him more next *Saturday*. And admit that I ſhould any way endeavour to gratifie you, I can have no Diſcharge but by Mr. *Irus*'s Receipt; and I can't ſee where the Juſtice is, that he ſhould pay you before the reſt of his Clothiers. And as for Notes, no Factor ever deſired one of me. I take that Act of Parliament to be impracticable; however the Time is now over for that. Mr. *Irus* is a ſharp Factor, and you may rely upon his Care: Which is all the Satisfaction I can or will give you.

Son. You ſay, Sir, that Mr. *Irus* never demanded any Note.

Har. I do affirm that, Sir, before his Man. (*Exeunt.* Prithee, *Pſeecas*, get me ſome Chocolate. I never met with ſuch a Breakfaſt in my Life before.---Is *Bedlam* let looſe?

Pſe. At this rate, Sir, you muſt get a Porter.

Enter Criſpinus's *Man, with Two* Plebeians.

Wilt. We are two *Wiltſhire* Clothiers, Sir, belonging to Mr. *Criſpinus*, and have with difficulty prevail'd with him to let his Man come with us, to ſatisfie you, that about Six Months ſince, you bought Conſiderable of our Cloth of him; the time of Buying in Wooll being come, we made bold to wait upon you, to deſire you to pay us our Money, or to give us Notes; Mr. *Criſpinus* telling us, that he hath none of your Notes.

Har. Gentlemen, I am a little ſurpriz'd at the Application

that hath this Morning been made upon this account, having paid One Thouſand Pounds to Factors upon *Saturday* laſt; you are the Third that hath been with me upon the ſame account this Morning. The Bank of *Great Britain* can't ſubſiſt in a general Run. I intend, Gentlemen, to pay your Factors, I can't tell but as large a Sum next *Saturday*. I believe you to be honeſt Clothiers, but never ſaw your Faces before.

Wilt. We have our Accompts here to ſhew you, Sir.

Har. That can be no Satisfaction to me. I have only one general Accompt with Mr. *Criſpinus*.

Wilt. The chief occaſion of our coming, to deal plainly with you, Sir, is to know whether Mr. *Criſpinus* did ever demand Notes of you, payable to us; he telling us, that he hath no ſuch Notes.

Har. I hereby aſſure you, before his Man, that he never demanded one Note of me, if that will give you Satisfaction, Gentlemen. (*Exeunt.*

Har. I can't tell, *Pſeecas*, but this may turn to your Advantage; one of the Clothiers, I thought, look'd very ſweet upon you.

Pſe. If I thought that, Sir, I ſhould never grumble in cleaning the Hall. ——— I had rather take *Juncto*. The Clothiers, they ſay, are mere Vaſſals and Slaves to the Factors. (*Aſide.*

Jun. I am now to renew my Courtſhip, *Pſeecas*, and indeed have let looſe the Reins of my Paſſion, upon ſomething that *Marcus* told me, which hath made my Heart light.

Pſe. Wonderful! Pray, *Juncto*, what's this Surprizing Affair that hath happen'd to you? Has any Friend of yours left you Five Hundred Pounds? That indeed——

Jun. It's beyond Silver or Gold, *Pſeecas*. He told me, that when your Maſter propos'd a Clothier, that he thought look'd ſweet and pleaſant upon you, he heard you ſpeak this to your ſelf, *That you had rather take* Juncto. And the whole World ſhan't ſtop me from taking *Pſeecas*.

Pſe. Very well, *Juncto*, I ſhan't deny the Words; but you may depend upon it, I ſhan't Swallow without Chewing. And in the firſt place, you muſt clear your ſelf of your Soup-affair, and put your Hand upon my Thigh, and ſwear you never were under any Doctor's Hands.

Jun.

Jun. That, dear *Pſcecas*, I will readily do.

Pſc. What do you mean, you Blockhead?

Jun. I thought I muſt have put my Hand upon your bare Thigh, *Pſcecas*, or elſe the Oath had not been valu'd.

Pſc. This very Action of yours, makes me fear you are going to take a falſe Oath.

Jun. Nay, *Pſcecas*, if you include in your Oath, that I never touch'd a Woman's bare Thigh, I could never take that Oath, ſince I was Fifteen; and if I marry you, *Pſcecas*, I ſhall hate to be an Incompoop;---ſince, in this caſe, that which is Sauce for a Gooſe, is likewiſe Sauce for a Gander: And I can't tell what a Market Peny may do amongſt the Butchers. A Declaration, that you never caſt a Shoe, may be Reaſonable, and ſo join Hands to a mutual Satisfaction. Not, *Pſcecas*, that I have the leaſt Jealouſie or Suſpicion in the Wold; be it far from my Thoughts.

Pſc. You muſt farther think, *Junkto*, when People are marry'd, they can't Live by the Air; Pray what Fortune have you in the World?

Jun. Here, *Pſcecas*, I muſt confeſs my Hand ſhakes, and I am afraid I am in the lighteſt Scale; but will not herein make my Condition one Farthing better than it is, and all the Money I have ſaved in the Ten Years which I have been at *London*, is but Fifty Pound, which is in a ſafe Hand.

Pſc. Then, *Junkto*, you may lay aſide all Thoughts in this matter; for I have a Hundred Pound at Intereſt, which I receive Six *per Cent.* for; and you ought to have a Hundred Pound, and I but Fifty.

Jun. That gives me a Stab at the Heart; had I a Thouſand Pound, it ſhould be free at thy Service, dear *Pſcecas*. Two to One was an ancient Practice, which, by the Plenty of Women, is now worn out. I aſſure thee dear *Pſcecas*, I am no Ridgel. And if upon any other Conſiderations, I could make out Fifty, which I hope I can do, I hope I may yet find ſome Favour. I was born at *Bewdley*, where there is a very good Free-School, and I was kept by my Friends Five Years at School, which made me perfect in the *Latin Tongue*, and ſome ſmattering of *Greek*, which I think can't be valu'd at leſs than Five and Twenty Pounds. The *Latin* Word *Jungo*, ſignifies to *joyn together* or *marry*; and I hope ſtill, that *Junkto* will *Jungo* Pſcecas.

Pſc.

Pſc. To make good that Jingle of yours, *Junito*, you muſt kiſs my Ar---, for that's as good a Rhime to *Pſecca*, as *Junco* is to *Junito*; pardoning the Expreſſion, and I ſhan't allow this Article.

Jun. Dear *Pſecca*, you need make no Apology, Poetical Licenſe will allow it; and by a Figure in *Latin*, the fore-part may be very well expreſs'd by the hinder; and Matrimony wou'd be very inſipid without Kiſſing. I know, *Pſecca*, you mean Hickwall Kiſſing---thoſe black Eye-brows of thine---liquid, and ſoft as Wooll---I hope thou wil't yet allow me this Article. I can teach School in ſome Country Village, to get a Livelihood at laſt. And what I farther propoſe, to make good the other Five and Twenty, is, that I am Ten Years younger, and I will exert my whole Strength to thy Satisfaction in that point.

Pſc. I am farther from allowing that Article, than the other. I queſtion whether a juſt Debt may be paid.----I have loſt a full Hour's Sleep in harkening to———

Jun. If you get a good Husband, *Pſecca*, I hope you won't grudge an Hour's Sleep.

Pſc. One had need have a good mind to a Bird, to give a Groat for an Owl.

Enter Suſurrus.

Suſ. I came to wait upon you, Sir, by your Direction, this being Poſt-day.

Har. I deſire you to draw for me Four Hundred Pound; Two Hundred Pound for *Holland*, and Two for *Hamborough*, in ſingle Hundred Pound Bills. I deſire you to offer my Bill with as much Indifferance as you can, and not to offer One Peny above the loweſt Courſe of the Exchange, and then come to me at *Garroway*'s.

Suſ. I have try'd your Bill, Sir, according to your Direction, and I find it quite Stick.

Har. I think it not beſt to offer it any more; I believe this is an Original, and that no ſuch thing ever happen'd; be you as Silent in the Refuſal of my Bill, as you was Cautious in Offering it, which is all the Kindneſs you can do. You know no Man's Bill was in better Reputation.

Alas, how ſoon is Credit loſt!
By Art, like Tennis Ball, it's toſt
From Poſt to Pillar, till in a ſwoon,
And then, with Hudribras, *full others down.*

ACT

ACT V. *Harpalus ſolus.*

Har. WAS there ever ſuch a Scene acted? Or was ever, in any Age of the World, the fair Profit of the Golden Fleece thus eaten up by Upſtart Muſhrooms, ſprung out of the Dunghill? They have outdone the Jeſuits,—forc'd the Merchant upon *Credo quod habes & habes*, to believe what they ſay, and Clothiers to be entirely their Slaves: They ſell their own Cloth, ſhelter'd under Clothiers Names, and by a Credit which they have advanc'd, like the Rudder of a Ship, they command both Merchant and Clothier. Was there ever a clearer Inſtance of this, than what I labour under at preſent? By the fawning Credit of *Blackwell-Hall*, I adventur'd into the Gulf of *Holland*, and muſt here ſink Three or Four Thouſand Pounds. I was led into it by the Perſuaſion of Friends, who I now believe were Acceſſories; and am as ſenſible of the Cheat, as a Stock of Cards at a Tavern. Upon the firſt arrival of my Cloth, I had great Complaint of a bad Trade; but at the ſame time Encouragement given, that better Sales would come on, by the near approach of ſome diſtant Fairs, which would anſwer any Bills that I ſhould draw. Upon this Encouragement, I drew ſome Thouſand Pounds, and my Bills were punctually paid, and farther Incouragement given for me to Draw what Money I thought fit; which made me think, that my firſt Bills were paid out of my Sales, and an Overplus to pay more Bills, which made me draw Conſiderable, and my Bills were readily accepted. I have now received an Account of Sales of the greateſt part of my Adventure, at Thirty *per Cent.* loſs; alledging, that they were forc'd to do it to pay my laſt Bills, and have charg'd me Intereſt for the Payment of my firſt Bills. They are many Partners, and ſell vaſt Quantities of our Woollen Manufactures upon their own Accounts; and I can make it appear, that their Agent here hath ſent them over the ſelf-ſame ſorts of Cloth, and at the ſame Prices that I paid for mine; I can't think they were ſo ſold, but rather taken upon their own Account: But have no way to fathom this. My Correſpondents at *Hamborough* and *Lisbon* complain of dear Cloth, and ill Colours, which were chiefly bought

of

of the Factors, but have ſold none to loſs. My *Holland* Cloths were chiefly Whites, that I am aſſur'd were not over-charg'd, but have great Reaſon to believe, I have been much abus'd by the Factors. --- I have nothing that I blame my ſelf ſo much for, as that I am herein outdone by the Fox in the Fable, who avoided the Lion's Den, by obſerving the Footſteps forward, but none backward: And could not *Hol---t*, *So---s*, and others, make me beware? By what I find, never any one ſent in Cloth to this Ware-houſe, but came out a Loſer. O cruel Gulf of *Holland*! O *Stygian* Lake! By this unheard-of Feud, that lately happen'd at the Tavern between the Factors and their Clothiers, my Bill is now unhappily ſtop'd upon the Exchange, and I can't Draw, which hath brought my Affairs, with my Friend *Steel*, to a *Criſis*. I am haunted every Day by ſome Factor's Boy or other, with two or three Clothiers attending him. A Wooll-brogger and a Factor twiſted, is the Devil and a Monk! like the rifted Tree, that claſp'd in *Milo*; and notwithſtanding all his Strength, he was devour'd by Wolves. But why do I thus afflict my ſelf, being conſcious that I had no ill Deſign, and that my Bill is ſtop'd by their own Folly, and they have brought the Miſchief upon themſelves? Why may not I advance my Fortune by the *A-la-mode* of the Times, as ſeveral others, and from Riding a Horſe-back, come to a Coach? Why may not I make as good a Figure amongſt the Bench of Juſtices at a Seſſions, as he that made two Compoſitions? I am ſure, I am better deſcended. *Harpalus a como aques ab aure rupe.* Or what's the difference between an Eſtate thus got, or that which was ſharp'd out of the Government by Tallies at Fifty *per Cent.* which hath advanc'd ſo many Muſhroom Plumbs, which now make our greateſt Figure?---Hang it, *Cuncta prius tentanda*, I will ſtrain every String firſt, and now reſolve for *Holland*: And as my Friend *Dor---l* has ſent over his Son to get a Fortune here, I will addreſs my ſelf to his Daughter, which may be a means to ſettle my Accompts, and make a Balance, or to ſome other Lady of Fortune in *Holland* or *Hamborough*: The greateſt Fortunes, by this long War, are fix'd on that ſide. Could I get a Recommendatory Letter from Sir *William See*---- to Madam *Lewis*, it might be of Service.

Jun. Did you knock, Sir?

Har.

Har. Do you go to the Stable, *Junito*, and ſee whether the Horſes are well ſhod for a Journey; and bid *Marcus* come to me. Do you go to Mr. *Tryon*, *Marcus*, and tell him, I deſire to ſpeak with him preſently.

Enter Tryon.

Har. I ſent for you, Mr. *Tryon*, as my Confident Friend; I have had ſuch an Account of Sales from *Holland*, that makes my Head run round; which, with my Bill being ſtop'd upon the Exchange by this unhappy Feud, makes me reſolve for *Holland*.

Try. I can make Proof, Sir, and ſhew you by my Book, that I ſold the ſame Cloth to *Holland* Merchants at the ſame Price I ſold yours; and I will do all poſſible I can to ſerve you, Sir.

Har. I will go over in all the Privacy I can, and will take *Junito* with me, and will leave my Horſes at a Friend's Houſe near *Harwich* until I return; and will be ſure to write to you, Mr. *Tryon*, as ſoon as poſſible I can give you any Account of my Proceedings. I will give *Marcus* leave to go into the Country. You know I am concern'd but with Three Factors, and I have paid them Money before it was due; and I hope to ſend you over Bills ſpeedily. I ſhall only leave poor *Pſeecas* in the Houſe, to your Care, and my Brother's in *Long-acre*; and deſire you to aſſiſt her in any thing that ſhe wants. I ſhall repoſe my chief Confidence in you, Mr. *Tryon*, and deſire you to keep all things private, and I will get away as ſoon as I can.

Try. It's a very great trouble to me, Sir, when I reflect upon theſe undeſerv'd Misfortunes of yours; and I doubt not, Sir, but you will ſurmount them all. I will give the Factors all the Satisfaction I can, and ſhall long to hear of your ſafe Arrival, wiſhing you Succeſs in all your Undertakings; and will be ſure to give all the Aſſiſtance I can to *Pſeecas*. (*Exit.*

Jun. I have been at the Stables, Sir, and have order'd the Horſes to be ſhod.

Har. I deſign a Journey to *Holland*, and you muſt go with me; be ſure to get all your things ready, and keep the Matter private. Bid *Pſeecas* come to me. I have ſomething to impart to thee, *Pſeecas*, in which I know I can truſt thy Fidelity, having had Two Years Experience of it. I am under a Neceſſity of making a Trip to *Holland*, from ſome Unfair Dealing that I have met

with there: I owe thee One Years Wages, and here is thy Money; and I desire thee to put up all my plate into a Box, and let it be sent to my Brother in *Long-acre*; and then think what things I shall want for my Journey; *Juncto* is to go with me. Be sure to keep this private; and bid *Marcus* come to me. *Marcus*, you have often desir'd to see your Friends in the Country, and now I give you leave to go; and do you now give me the State of my Cash, and you may stay a Month.

Mar. Here is my Cash-book, Sir, and I believe I have an Opportunity to go into the Country with a Friend immediately, if you will give me leave.

Har. Put your Compting-house in order, and I will give you leave. Pray be careful of your Health, and be sure to give my Service to your Friends.

Pse. I am sorry for this occasion, Sir, do you go immediately?

Har. As soon as it's possible for my things to be got ready. I will leave thee to the care of my Brother in *Long-acre* and Mr. *Tryon*, who upon all occasions will give thee Assistance in any thing that may happen. I have a great Dependance upon thy Care, *Pserene*. All that inquire for me, you may tell, that I am gone into the Country for a Fortnight. You must get *Juncto*'s things ready. I hope we shall be both in *London* in less than a Month. I here give thee a Guinea. Don't weep, Girl, that will add to my Trouble.

Jun. Dear *Pserene*, I must now leave thee for a time; I can't refuse to go with so good a Master; and it may be some Advantage to see Foreign Countries. I shall leave my Heart with thee, and must say, I am very sorry to part; though a Month will soon be over. To shew thee my Kindness, I will now unbosome my self in all things, that I know. From your extraordinary Kindness, *Pserene*, for my Master, you have given me pretty hard Expressions upon the Fall from his Horse; I must now tell you, that he had no Fall, neither was I from him, only a Shelter to some unkind Treatment that he had from a Lady at *Tunbridge*. I can't add to what I have already said, to procure thy Favour. Thou hast held me off for some time, dear *Pserene*, upon the Weakness of my Fortune; Had I Ten-times what I have, I would throw it freely in thy Lap, *Pserene*, and at this our parting, I can only make good the Sincerity of my Expressions by my Tears.

Pse.

Pfe. The parting with ſo good a Maſter, *Junito*, is very afflicting; and reflecting upon the hard Expreſſions that I have given you, *Junita*, upon my Maſter's Fall from his Horſe, the caſe being as you now tell me, hath more than ordinary affected me, and I can't but make you a like return; and could you point out any fair way of our Living, you might depend upon my Favour.

Jun. You know, dear *Pſeveas*, that I propoſed ſetting up of a Milliner's Trade, but in that we muſt lay our Heads together, and I ſhall ſubmit to any thing that will pleaſe my dear *Pſeveas*.

Pfe. In that Trade, *Junito*, I believe our Heads would hardly come together. No ſelling Linen, without giving Allowances, and I believe you would not like a Summons to *Croyden* Fair. I more incline to a Cook's Shop: Marketting would be very handy to me, and I believe I could pleaſe any Gentleman in dreſſing of Meat. But this is to be thought upon at your Return.

Jun. I ſhould not like a Summons; tho' many of our *Cornu-fer* Packers have of late Years made very great Advances that way to a Coach and Country-Houſe. When the *Danes* conquer'd *England*, our Hiſtories tell us, that the *Lord Dane* feign'd himſelf ſick of an Ague, to get an opportunity with his Landlady, when the good Man was out; and to this day, any feign'd Diſtemper is call'd a *Lurdane*-Ague. Bleſs me! what Oppertunities have our *Dutch* and *French* Interlopers, by ſending their Packers to *Blackwell Hall*, to match their Patterns; and how theſe honeſt Men can think leſs, than that they are interlop'd at home, at the ſame time, I can't ſee. Opportunity, we ſay, makes a Thief. It would be Noble, *Pſeveas*, if I could carry thee in a Coach; nay, make thee Lady *Mariee*.

Pfe. Pray hold, *Junito*, if I could carry you in a Coach. But I believe the *Regalia* of the City of *London* would make your Head run round. There is no making a Silk Purſe of a Sow's Ear.

Jun. I thought a Man's Head had been the ſtronger for Horns. Indeed, *Pſeveas*, I'll here knock under.

Pfe. And let others do ſo too, if you intend that Advance.

Jun. I ſhall in every thing, dear *Pſeveas*, ſubmit to thy Diſcretion; and now my Heart is light.

Pfe. Adieu, dear *Junito*, I only deſire you to take care of your Health: And that you may not want a Fall from your Horſe

at your Return, you ſhall take with you my beſt Wiſhes, and may depend upon my Favour when you come back.

Jun. Farewel, dear *Pſuke*; it's a *Greek* Word, which ſignifies that my Life is wrapt up in thine.

Pſyche ſola.

Was ever Maid ſo unhappy as I am, in parting with ſo good a Maſter? And I can't but now ſay, that I have a real Kindneſs for *Junio*. What a Solitary View have I now before me! My Maſter is the beſt natur'd Man in the World; but I always thought him too Credulous. And I never lik'd the Looks of that Slike-tongu'd *Davus*. Nor could I ever ſee one Bill of that Brazen-fac'd *Hippia*; I believe he paid Sauce there: But am glad he has quitted that Lady, and likewiſe thoſe of *Hamſtead*. I can put my Hand upon my Breaſt, and ſay, that I have been Faithful and Frugal, and that's my Comfort; and nought remains but my Prayers for their ſafe Return.

Enter Seditius *and* Radamanthus, *with a Conſtable, and an Execution-Warrant, with a loud Knock.*

Sed. Is your Maſter at home, Maid? Don't tremble.

Pſy. He hath been gone into the Country about Ten Days, and he told me he ſhould return he thought in ſome ſhort time.

Sed. He was ſeen at *Harwich*, and is gone for *Holland*; the whole Exchange rings of nothing elſe. We are come with an Execution-Warrant to ſeize all his Goods that are in the Houſe for his Landlord, and to Lock up his Doors, that nothing be carry'd out. Is there any body more in the Houſe, beſides you, Maid?

Pſy. I am all alone; my Maſter's Man went with him, and his Apprentice is gone to ſee his Friends in the Country.

Rad. You muſt turn out, Maid, that we may Lock up the Doors.

Pſy. I hope, Gentlemen, you will permit me to take my own Box, and what belongs to me, and likewiſe to ſend for a Friend.

Rad. Not one Box ſhall be removed out of the Houſe, our Orders is to ſeize all.

Pſy. That will be hard indeed, that I muſt turn out in this pickle that I am now in, with ſcarce Clothes upon my Back.

Rad. It will be harder, I doubt, with many; I find he has vaſt Debts.

Psc. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have my Riding-hood.

Sed. We will allow that, the Maid looks with a good Face.

Enter Tryon.

Try. Gentlemen, this is the hardeſt Caſe in the World; my Maſter *Harpalus*, to my Knowledge, hath a good Eſtate; he hath lately ſent over Twenty Thouſand Pounds worth of Cloth to *Holland*, *Hamborough* and *Lisbon*, which are ſafely arriv'd I am very eaſie in Ten-times the Concern due to me. And its very uſual, Gentlemen, for Merchants, upon ſome Extraordinary Occaſions, to go abroad. I am well aſſured, that in few Days I ſhall receive a Letter from him, to the Satisfaction of all. And I will give you, Gentlemen, any Security for the Fidelity of the Maid, if you will let her ſtay in the Houſe.

Rad. We purſue our Orders, Sir, and have no Power to make any Alteration.

Try. If no Remedy, *Pſeccas*, come home with me.

Enter Davus, Criſpinus *and* Irus.

Dav. What a Noiſe has this Gentleman made, Mr. *Tryon!* the Exchange rings of nothing elſe.

Try. What a Noiſe have you made, Mr. *Davus*, by your Indiſcretion! I can bring *Suſurrus* to teſtifie, that the very next Poſt, after your unhappy Feud at the Tavern, that the Value of my Maſter's Bill ſunk, and was thereby ſoon ſtop'd upon the Exchange, which has been the chief Occaſion of his going to *Holland*. I know he hath a good Eſtate, and I think this was the greateſt Abuſe that ever happen'd to ſo good a Merchant.

Dav. I can't tell what Underſtanding there may be between Mr. *Harpalus* and you; I will purſue the Intereſt of my Clothiers.

Criſ. I am of Mr. *Davus*'s Opinion.

Try. Gentlemen, you may take your own Meaſures; I have a greater Concern than either, and I will not ſo much as write to my Clothiers, to give them any Uneaſineſs. What's your Opinion, Mr. *Irus?*

Irus. I have an extraordinary good Opinion of Mr. *Harpalus*, I'll wait a little longer, ſome Foreign Poſts will ſoon be in.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Tryon *into* Blackwell-Hall, *Bow-Bells Ringing.*

Try. I am like the Dove with the Olive-Branch; I have just now received a Letter from Mr. *Harpalus*, who is now at *Hamborough*, and I will give the full Contents of it.

Mr. Tryon, *Hamborough*, Aug. 1. 1713.

'ACcording to promiſe, I kiſs your Hand with theſe Lines, to let you know the Adventures which hath happen'd ſince I left *London*, and to deſire your Favour in what may be of ſervice to me: Whilſt abſent upon this Extraordinary Occaſion, my Affairs being a little Left-handed, you know, I reſolv'd for *Holland*, upon a double Conſideration, to Settle my Accompt with my Correſpondent *Dor---l*, and to make a Tender of my Service to his Daughter, or ſome other Lady of Fortune in *Holland* or *Hamborough*, he having ſent over his Son to get a Fortune here; I had a very fair Wind, and ſoon got over, and was treated with common Civility by my Correſpondent; but found my coming to be a Surprize. I had ſoon a fair View of the Lady, who I thought treated me with more Kindneſs than her Father.---Upon the Information that I got, I found that I could qualify my ſelf to be a Director and Govenour of the Bank of *Great Britain*, a Governour or Director in the *Eaſt-India-Company*, or in the *South-Sea-Company*, by Marriage in any of the Seven Provinces in *Holland*, and have good Choice. I purſu'd my Amours, being the moſt grateful Errand, and had a view of ſeveral Ladies, and indeed found a Becoming Inclination to Matrimony. I was neareſt at hand to Madam *Dor---l*, Lodging at her Houſe, and can't but ſay her Civility increaſed. I rowl'd the Matter in my Mind, and brought all the Sweetning Thoughts I could to view; the Conveniency of her Fortune in our own Stocks, the Advantage of Settling my Accompt with her Father, and indeed a great deal of good Nature, that I thought was in her Face. But really, Mr. *Tryon*, the Draught was ſo fulſome, that I could not ſwallow: She was *Dutch* built, and above the Skill of Monſieur *Rogee*, by the help of *Gunter*'s Line, to bring her to ſhape, her Complexion very Swarthy, and her Face like the Moon at the Full. I can't think but the *Dutch* Ladies Complexions, in ſome meaſure, governs by the Briniſh Taſte of *Herrings*, and the Courſeneſs of their Food. Upon which

'which I immediately went for *Hamborough*, and am indeed
'treated here with all possible Civility, especially by my Cor-
'respondents, that sold my *Turky* Goods; and in few days a Ball
'was appointed, I believe, upon my account, where I had a full
'View of the Ladies of the Town. You know, Mr. *Tryon*, my
'Mark was Madam *Lewis*, and I had Direction to know which
'was she; and being the Stranger, I was put upon the first
'Choice, I took her by the Hand, and can truly say this, had I
'been govern'd by my own Inclination, I had made the same
'Choice; no Beauty, but a very agreeable Lady; she made a very
'Becoming Refusal.---Many Ladies of greater Merit.---But that
'did not put me by. And I was so well pleas'd by her Dancing,
'that after I had finish'd two Dances, I gave her a gentle Squeeze
'by the Hand; and truly, Sir, after two Dances more, she made
'me a like Return, which made my Heart leap: And from that
'time to this, I did not let her Affection cool; and this Morn-
'ing we were marry'd, *Eo Instante*. The very Minute the Par-
'son finished his Words, I was entituled to the Benefit of our
'Bank, Companies, and Funds; and she hath a clear Fortune of
'Fifty Thousand Pounds Sterling. Never greater Joy shewn
'upon such an Occasion; not a Bell in the Town but is now
'Ringing, *discite Jopeam*, sing *Jopeam!* more the Sound of this
'Place, than *Lilli-bo-lero* at the approach of King *William*, and
'Pleasantness in the Face of our whole *British* Factory. I in-
'tend for *London* with all possible Conveniency; and desire you,
'Mr. *Tryon*, to give all my Friends this Satisfactory Account,
'and by the next post you shall receive Remisses and Order for
'what Money you may have occasion for: And am in the
'greatest Joy and Satisfaction, having my Lady now by the
'Hand, who bid me mention *Pfeecas*.

SIR,

Yours to Command,

Harpalus.

To Generous Actions, Fate is always kind;
If Storms arise, Sun-shine's still behind.
Let's now rejoice, and Pfeecas grieve no more;
These Winds will soon bring Harpalus to Shore.

Exeunt omnes.

The

The EPILOGUE.

With Joy I here begin my Verse;
Queen ANNE *is now our Shepherdess;*
Her Wisdom and her Care is such,
A Peace she's made, in spite of Dutch:
And by degrees you'll plain distinguish
Her Heart to be entirely English.

Woollendrapers, *These Mahomet Flees out of the Fleece,*
Anne & Her Cares, *Our Stock-Jobbers, a Flock of Geese,*
Anne & Her Cares, *She'll soon disperse, all by degrees.*
Stock-Jobbers, *A Cure she hath, that's ready first,*
Anne & Her Cares, *By Hen. the Seventh, and Ned the Sixt.*
Anne & Her Cares, *The Factor, with his Equipage*
In bloated Pride, she'll soon assuage,
Her Force is now by Council sent,
If Bank be Proud, she'll break their Stick,
And here, good Spinners, we shall get
A Scouder Trade, if she thinks fit.
A Card, a Wheel: Bett's [illegible] is strong;
She Lives by Arm; she sits [illegible]
Our Fabory. In Foreign Climes
The Interlop will soon out-shine.
Our Navigation she'll maintain,
And be a Dread to France and Spain.
With Care, hereby her Strength is such,
She can, if need be, whip the Dutch.
The French, the Dutch no Lock of Wooll
From Britainy, her Heart is full
Of Care; in that's her tender Part,
Her Golden Fleece is next her Heart.
The Clothier here with Millions stood,
Whoever stirs will spill his Blood.
The Pretender, by Beacon seen;
Who wou'd not dye for such a Queen?
As France did Spain in Pride out-stran,
Queen Bess is here Eclips'd by Anne.
And Dunkirk now, the great Armada,
The French destroy with their own Spade.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.